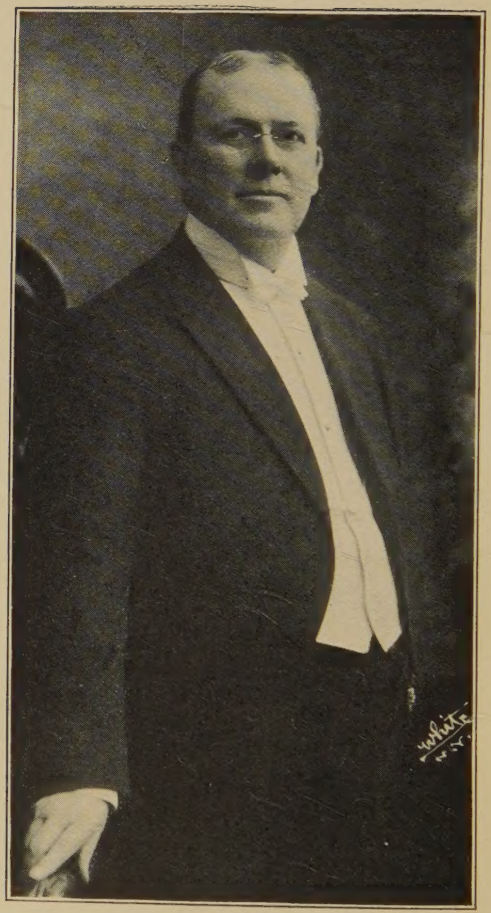
LEAVES OF TRUTH

JOHN PHILLIPS MEAKIN



JOHN PHILLIPS MEAKIN

Leaves of Truth

UTAH AND THE MORMONS

BY
JOHN PHILLIPS MEAKIN

Papers, Poems and Letters.
An Appeal for a Nobler
Manhood.

Salt Lake City, Utah,
1909

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By John Phillips Meakin.

DEDICATORY.

To the memory of the one, in all the world, who developed in me the power of reason,

Who taught me to be temperate in all things—use everything, abuse nothing,

Who taught me to act kindly and to speak lovingly to all I should meet on life's highway,

Who taught me that the highest attainment in life was perfect manhood.

Who taught me that by character, intellectual and humane development, the world might some day be civilized;

To the one who sang in my ears—on my journey—from boy to man.

"Do what is right, let the consequence follow,
Battle for freedom, in spirit and might,
And, with stout hearts look ye forth till tomorrow,
God will protect you, do what is right."

I dedicate this book

TO MY MOTHER.

Introductory.

Men and Women.

My Brothers and Sisters:—Being sole proprietor of myself, it falls to my lot to introduce myself.

My name is John Phillips Meakin, I came into this world in the same good old way that everybody else did. The date was July 9th, 1851. England. My parents were James and Sarah Meakin. I came to America in 1869. Salt Lake City has been my home ever since. I married Miss Sarah Frances Wolcott, a Utah girl, on November 25th, 1872. Eight children have blessed our union; three have passed on; five are living—boys.

I was fortunate in being well born. splendid, intellectual mother and a st father; both were purely honest. ing their virtues—it is natur[illegible] God I will do."

Since the dawn of my welcome guest at life's ures have continued growing brighte day.

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I am i[illegible] love[illegible]

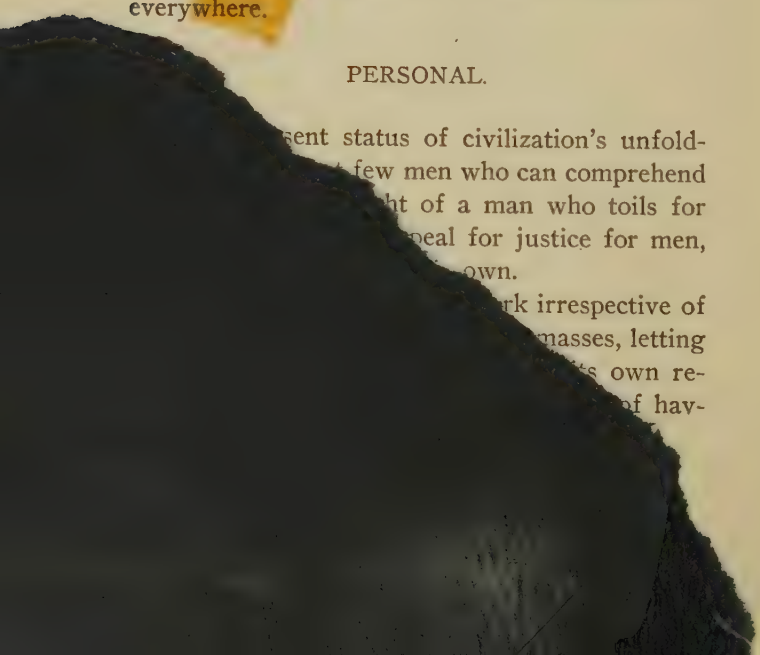
enemies. "No enemies, you say!" No; if I have they are silly. My answer is not understood.

Thus far I have done my best for all I've met on life's highway, and the best can do no more.

I have no regrets for the past and no fears of the future. I have a purpose in life and that purpose is: to improve myself and help my fellow men in unfolding the higher faculties and sensibilities which are latent in every human being, thus making them more humane, more thoughtful, more tolerant and more kindly; to obtain a harmonious development in all phases of human life.

I am not a "funny" man, but I am having a good time and am happy because there is sunshine in my soul and no hatred in my heart. I have been a devout student and I carry my diploma with me in mind and heart always and everywhere.

PERSONAL.



ing been faithful to the Divine inner self—the real man.

I am proud of my American citizenship and of my State—Utah, but irrespective of fence lines I love my fellow men.

"The world is my country;
To do good my religion."

The lectures tell of

"UTAH AND THE MORMONS"

what I told the people of the East about the people of the West.

The letters tell the people of the West about the people of the East.

The poems form a golden chain connecting both.

In behalf of Utah—

"I am only one, but I am one;
I cannot do *everything,*
But I can do *something,*
What I can do I ought to do,
And by the grace of God I will do."

It is Glory Enough.

By William Herbert Carruth.

It is glory enough for one day
To have marched out alone before the seats of the scornful,
Their fingers all pointing your way;
To have felt and wholly forgotten the branding iron of their eyes;
To have stood up proud and reliant on only your soul
And go calmly on with your duty—
It is glory enough.

It is glory enough for one day
To have dreamed the bright dream of the reign of right;
To have fastened your faith like a flag to that immaterial staff
And have marched away, forgetting your base of supplies.
And while the worldly wise see nothing but shame and ignoble retreat,
And though far ahead the heart may faint and the flesh prove weak—
To have dreamed that bold dream is glory enough,
Is glory enough for one day.

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LEAVES OF TRUTH.

Utah and the Mormons.

"Not a word of hate or malice
Would I weave into my song;
From adobe hut to palace
Was a weary way and long."

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Come with me and in imagination I will lead you across plains and rivers and deserts to the western slope of the great Wasatch range, which is the west-most upheaval of the mighty backbone of the continent, known in common parlance as the Rocky Mountains. They stand in a sovereignty all their own, stand with outstretched arms to welcome you to the sheltering valleys of the golden west that nestle at their base.

Silent, solemn sentinels are these great mountains, and as one beholds them, they become an inspiration, for they seem the pillars that support the vaulted blue above. In thought they become beings uplifting their heads in majestic splendor, bidding humanity to look up. The

winds that come down from their lofty summits, bring us the message of protection—promises to guard the beautiful valleys at their feet.

The man who lives under the uplifting influence of these august sentinel heights assumes something of the patience of eternity, his soul expands and his mind broadens, discouragement and narrow, morbid grasping form no part of his life. All men become his brothers and petty trifles pass him by.

As we travel on in our imaginary journeyings, over these wondrous heights, mother nature speaks tenderly to us and bids us pause in one of these wondrous gardens of Eden, and designates it—Utah!

Truly can we say, using William Cullen Bryant's words—

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms,
> She speaks a various language;
> For his gayer hours she has a voice of gladness
> And a smile and eloquence of beauty;
> And she glides into his darker musings
> With a mild and healing sympathy
> That steals away their sharpness
> Ere he is aware."

Friends: We will leave figures, which deal, however, only in truth; leave poetry that only reveals the same, and come to plain facts.

Utah occupies an important position in the

Trans-Mississippi group of States. She is situated between the parallels 37 and 42 North Latitude.

On the same parallels are Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Southern Illinois, Kentucky, Virginia, Spain, Italy, Greece, Turkey and Corea.

The State of Utah adjoins Colorado, Arizona, Nevada and Idaho. It is 275 miles wide and 345 miles long. Its total area is 84,970 square miles. Its land area is 82,190 square miles (52,601,600 square acres). Its water area is 2,780 square miles (1,779,200 acres), and it has a population of about 300,000.

Utah is a chain of beautiful valleys, extending from the far north to the extreme south, each gemmed with a lake. The State is growing in strength and grandeur every day.

Salt Lake City, the capital of the State, and the County seat of Salt Lake County, is situated 100 miles north and a little west of the geographical center of the State. It was founded by the Mormons on July 24, 1847. It is the ecclesiastical center of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It has an estimated population of 100,000.

The city is laid out directly to the points of the compass, sloping gradually from the north. The streets are 132 feet wide, with 20 ft. sidewalks. Streams of water flow gently down on either side of the street, with beautiful shade trees everywhere.

Salt Lake City is really a fairy garden spot, nestling at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains. Above it are the snow-clad, cloud-kissed peaks. Below it are thriving farms and valleys stretching for miles and miles, like an immense checkerboard of yellow and green. Beyond them, like a silver thread, winds the river Jordan. In the distance gleams the Great Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of America, the wonder of the world.

But today there is a cloud of misunderstanding over Utah. A mist exists between the minds of the East and the minds of the West. Let me say with the Poet:

"When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills;
And the sunlight falls in gladness
On the river and the rills,
We recall our Father's promise
In the rainbow of the spray,
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away.

"We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone;
In the dawning of the morning
Of that bright and happy day,
We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away."

The Mormon people have been all along the line, and are now being maligned beyond measure by thoughtless people. When the Church

was organized in 1830, envy, jealousy and superstition were rampant, and from this basis the crowd began to shout until it grew into a mob. Then selfish men saw material gain, and probably fame, by molding public prejudice into uses for their own selfish ends, and many of them succeeded well. These men led the crowd under the flags of envy and hatred, arousing the ever-ready clamor of the masses. The mighty power of the press was brought into use and the fires of hate and ignorance have been fanned into a consuming flame.

This cruelty is performed under the banner of the cross with the name of Christ emblazoned upon its folds.

Utah's prosperity and its advancement, the people's good name and their right to religious liberty—all of these natural rights have been and are being held up to scorn and to sacrifice upon the altars of revenge and selfishness.

Men whose records are honor-bright, men whose characters are as far above their traducers as are the stars above a duck's tracks in the mud, are assailed and vilified.

The people of the United States and the world have had sugar-coated pills composed of sensational falsehoods prescribed for them by very smooth doctors, and in allopathic doses they have gulped them down as sweet morsels, and like hungry robins chirped for more. It is a great relish for people to talk about polygamy, and very

fashionable to say mean things about the Mormons. A sensational lie embracing the physical is always welcome. Truthful mental stories are so simple and uninteresting. The lie that goes the farthest is the lie that has a little truth in it. The lie about Utah and the Mormons has been a most successful one.

The mental atmosphere of Utah is kept continually in a turmoil. Families are disrupted, friendships destroyed. The man who wrote the song, "We Never Speak as We Pass By," surely got his inspiration in Salt Lake City, and all of this through chattering tongues. I intend to contribute my mite during my short life toward establishing the kingdom of the unselfish—a nobler manhood on earth; that is, such a structure of life that deceit, envy, and unkindness which now hold sway will be replaced by intellectual liberty, truth and reason, with the golden chain of fraternal love binding all men and all nations together in one harmonious brotherhood.

I have been a resident of Salt Lake City since the 21st of August, 1869. I know the Mormon people, their religion and their lives, and their plan of operation. The clamor and abuse going on and continually heaped upon this people and their leaders is unjust and is born of ignorance and low selfishness. It is an impeachment on the intelligence and reasoning powers of the American people and the boasted religious liberty of the United States.

The one acknowledged mistake, namely, polygamy, was righted as near as possible from 1890 to 1896. The fight between "Gentiles" and "Mormons" was closed during these years.

All I ask for Utah is a square deal, and for the Mormon people religious toleration and American freedom to worship God according to their own intelligence and dictates of their conscience.

Religious intoleration has caused untold suffering all across the ages.

In Massachusetts the Protestants have abused the Catholics, and the Catholics have abused the Protestants. At Summerville, there are two monuments standing but a few rods apart, one erected by Catholics in memory of a nunnery destroyed by a Protestant mob, and on the other side of the street is a monument erected by the Protestants in memory of a Protestant church destroyed by a Catholic mob.

"What fools these mortals be."

My mission in life is to do what I can to stop such absurd foolishness. A man's religion is his own personal, private concern. We have no more right to interfere with him in an unkindly manner as to his beliefs and opinions than we have to meddle with his pocketbook, and Shakespeare said "He who steals my purse steals trash," and although money is now a God in the eyes of the selfish man it still remains trash in comparison

with the inner soul of a God-man, soul conscience, mental and personal liberty.

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers and the world is more and more."

The Story of the Mormons.

The denomination known as "Mormons" is properly called by them, "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," and takes its basis from the Old and New Testament, and the teachings from the Man of Nazareth.

Since the Church was organized, a prejudicial war has been waged against it, for no cause whatever, unless it be a political one, until it has become popular and fashionable to abuse the Mormons. It is a source of amusement to listen to the stories told about the people of Utah. Slush books and vile stories find a ready sale, if the plot revolves around a Mormon, or some vile deed depicted therein is laid at the door of the Church.

"Mormon" was a nickname applied to them by non-believers. This name, in turn, was taken from the "Book of Mormon," a translation from plates said to have been found in the earth by the founder of the Church, Joseph Smith. The plates were supposed to be engraved with hieroglyphic characters, and were thought to have been buried in the state of New York four hundred years after Christ. The Mormons believe the Book of Mormon to be the history of a peo-

ple, originally Jewish, who crossed the sea to America, bringing with them the old Biblical belief.

This book is not the Mormon Bible, as many suppose. However, the Mormons do believe that the Book of Mormon was to the ancient inhabitants of the American continent what the books of the Bible were to the people of the old world. It is publicly published, and any reader can ascertain that it does not add to nor contradict the Bible. It does not teach polygamy, and it foretells, as does the Bible, the coming of the "King of the Jews," and his subsequent crucifixion.

Mormon was the prophet or leader of this people, and the ancient Aztecs, also the Mound Builders, are believed to represent them. The modern American Indian is believed to be the dying remnant of the race.

The Mormons believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, also that the power of conferring the priesthood was lost to the Christian world because of unbelief, and was again restored through Joseph Smith. Their organization consists of a President, who governs the entire organization. He is elected by the vote of the people, and is assisted by two counselors or advisers. Then come the twelve apostles and seventies, bishops, elders, teachers and deacons. The twelve apostles and seventies assist in the management of Church affairs, and hold positions

relative to the Senators and Rerpesentatives at Congress.

A Bishop presides over a portion of the community and is in turn assisted by his two counselors—also teachers and deacons. A Bishop reports at quarterly Conference to the President, the affairs of his special community. These meetings are open to the public and are held four times a year. There are in Salt Lake City alone, thirty-five Bishops.

An Elder is a member of the Church in full standing, who serves, without recompense, for two or three years as a missionary. Any member of the Church is liable to be called upon to serve in this capacity.

TRUTH AND JUSTICE

What but a strong conviction of right, a profound belief in divine aid could have induced this handful of people to face the horrors of an unpeopled wilderness?

This inspiring belief, this oneness of thought and tenacity of purpose enabled the Mormons to open up the great West, to place a Mecca in the wilderness, where upwards of a half million sturdy, honest citizens live and sing their songs of gladness 'mid flowering vines, waving grasses, bending trees, singing birds, babling brooks and majestic rivers.

In presenting to you through the pages of this

book the subject "Utah and the Mormons," a brief outline of their doctrine has been given for the purpose of bringing to your minds the foundation upon which this structure is builded, proving that it is not a murderous mob nor a licentious institution.

Utah was settled by the Mormons about sixty years ago, and it is not my purpose to argue or to say whether the "Mormons," correctly speaking, the "Latter-day Saints," be right or wrong in their religion, because the right or wrong conception of religion is a matter of individual ideas; but it is my purpose to deal with them in justice and fairness, as I would with any other body or sect of people, and to give those desirous of knowing the facts concerning conditions in Utah a dispassionate statement of the history of this unique and interesting people. I will endeavor to state the facts as I understand them, after a residence in Utah for forty years.

The Mormon question seems to arouse everywhere a bitterness and wrath of feeling, so I do not expect other than censure from those who may have written and read literature disgustingly full of vile and licentious abuse and from those who follow a Brutus or an Antony without giving any reasoning thought or investigation on the subject for themselves; but I know that thinking people will give me credit for being unprejudiced.

While I often respectfully repeat the stories as believed by the Mormons, it is not meet or rele-

vant for me to stop and question whether or no Joseph Smith had visions or that his dreams were vagaries. I know, however, that his teachings, his religion and thoughts concerning the same, have builded up an organization and a following that has withstood unheard of abuse, and still exists in powerful numbers; and this I *do* know, that they are an industrious, honest, virtuous, chaste and sober people. I leave it to the theologians to figure out the cause. I am here to impart information and not to solve problems.

A true man gives to the other man the same rights and privileges he claims for himself, and then protects both.

One should never imagine himself capable of a judgeship as to other people's hearts and minds, and do not think for a moment you are the only pebble on the beach of life's great ocean.

THE JUDGE AND THE IRISHMAN

Remember the story of the old judge who was compelled by circumstances to share his bed with an Irishman. As Paddy climbed over the rotund form of the wise man to occupy the inner side of the bed, in dignified tones the judge said: "Irish! you would be a long time in Ireland before you would be permitted to sleep with a judge." Pat replied: "Yis, yer Honor, but it would be a long toime in Ireland before you'd git to be a judge."

Nothing was ever achieved by abuse and unkindness.

"Freedom and reason make us men—
Take these away, what are we then?"

Take freedom away and we are slaves. Take reason away and we are animals. Fight for principle and not with man.

I am not a member of the Mormon Church. I do not say this to court favor from the crowd—I tell it simply as a fact. I am a fraternalist, which includes all that the word implies. I have adopted for my guide Lincoln's motto, "Good will toward all, and malice toward none." I am a friend of all and love all who follow the Master in His steps of love and kindness. I am not friendly to bigoted churchianity. I do not follow the mob nor shout with a Brutus, although he be a senator.

"The world with calumny abounds;
The whitest virtue slander wounds.
There are those whose joy is night and day
To talk a character away."

"Eager from place to place they haste
To blast the generous and the chaste
And hunting reputation down
Proclaim their triumph through the town."

Give a listening ear to the stories continually told on Utah and one would soon be imbued with

the idea that the Mormon people are not fit to live; that they are ignorant and vile; that they dwell in dugouts and caves and beat tom-toms for their music; that Utah is only on a par with the jungles of Africa. The listening ear is ever ready for sensation; and without stopping to think, to question, or to reason, people have accepted any vile story or works of fiction against the Mormons as facts.

The following beautiful poem by Thomas Bracken is very applicable:

NOT UNDERSTOOD

Not understood. We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life, and then we fall asleep
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall and live and die,
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age;
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action
Which lie beneath the surface and the snow
Are disregarded; with self satisfaction
We judge our neighbors, as they often go;
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us.
The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight;
Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy? Ah, day by day
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking,
How many noble spirits pass away:
Not understood.

O, God, that men would see a little clearer
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see.
O, God, that men would draw a little nearer
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee.
And understood.

THE PRESIDENTS

First—Joseph Smith, the Prophet—

Born December 23, 1805, in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont. Became President April 6, 1830. Died June 27, 1844, at Carthage, Ill.

Second—Brigham Young—

Born June 1, 1801, in Whitingham, Windham County, Vermont. Became President December 27, 1847. Died August 29, 1877, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Third—John Taylor—

Born in Milnthorpe, Westmoreland, England, November 1, 1808. Became President October 10, 1880. Died July 25, 1887 in Kaysville, Davis County, Utah.

Fourth—Wilford Woodruff—

Born March 1, 1807, in Farmington, Hartford County, Conn. Became President April 7, 1889. Died September 2, 1898, in San Francisco, California.

Fifth—Lorenzo Snow—

Born April 3, 1814, in Mantua, Portage County, Ohio. Became President September 13, 1898. Died October 10, 1901, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Sixth—Joseph Fielding Smith—

Born in Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri, November 13, 1838. Became President October 17, 1901.

Polygamy.

One of the strongest factors in any religious sect, is its belief regarding the life of the soul—past, present and to come.

The Mormon view of immortality is very comprehensive and liberal, no matter what we may personally believe.

The people of the United States have taken it for granted that polygamy is the sum total of the religion called "Mormonism."

It is only fair to the Mormon people, and my aim is to be true to the truth, to state that polygamy is not the basis of the Mormon religion. It is but a small part or an incident to their marriage system.

Their actual belief is in the resurrection and the life. They believe in immortality of soul and body, therefore they believe that all of God's children will sooner or later receive the message of Christ through Joseph Smith and attain exaltation in the "House of many mansions;" according to the life lived here on earth and the deeds done in the body. Christ said, "I go to prepare a place for you." The Mormons believe in Christ,

but, say they, each individual must prepare himself for the place.

In Utah there are four Temples dedicated to this work of preparation, so that all may fit themselves for the various glories that are to come. Each one of these temples is so situated that a certain number of people comprising a district, or stake, come under its direct jurisdiction.

One of the fundamental ideas of the "Mormons" is that they should emigrate to one place and make that their permanent home. When a Mormon community grows to sufficient proportions, they immediately proceed to erect a temple. A temple is not a house of public worship, but a building set apart for the performance of church ordinances only, such as baptisms, confirmations, marriages, sealings, and anointings.

These buildings are supposed to be copied from "Solomon's Temple," and are models of architectural beauty.

To show the reverence inspired in these people's hearts for their temples, I quote from one of their own writers:

"The completion of a temple means more to our minds than the mere finishing of a costly pile of masonry. It means that an enduring bond of unity between *time and eternity* has been welded. It means that a faith which enables a people to honor God in keeping his commandments, will enable them also to prevail mightily with him in

securing their own salvation and the redemption of mankind."

In these beautiful temples are performed all ceremonies pertaining to their marriage system.

The living are married to the living and the living may be sealed to the dead, and baptized for the dead.

Scripture teaches: "Then why are we baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all."

To non-Mormon minds this appears a queer custom, but it is a part of their faith and they are entitled to it, and before we criticize and ridicule their queer customs let us turn our attention to our own religious idiosyncracies.

The marriage system of the Mormon Church differs in many particulars from the prevailing ideas of the vaious Christian churches, whose marriage contracts are made for this world only, or, in their own words, "until death doth part them." The new idea with the Mormons is that they marry for time and all eternity. Their belief is that the family relations and associations which contribute so much to man's refinement, spirituality and intellectual happiness here in this world will continue on through every cycle of life that is to be. The poet, Robert Burns, breathed this same beautiful idea in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." The reader will remember the story. At night when the family circle was all complete, the songs of love had been sung, and the good nights had been said;

"Then, kneeling down, to Heaven' eternal King,
The Saint, the father, and the husband prays.
Hope 'springs exultant on triumphant wing.'
That thus they all shall meet in future days—
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear.
"Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal
sphere."

When Utah and the Mormon religion is spoken of the world never associates with it such sentiments as these. The Mormon idea of home life and marriage is not understood. It is polygamy—vulgarity—polygamy, that is uppermost in the minds of the people. It has been said that "to the pure all things are pure." In my estimation Mormon polygamy was not as bad as it was represented to be. The world always looks upside down to the man who is himself upside down. People seldom look for the better side of things nor question the whys and wherefores of any important question which may affect the lives of their fellow beings.

The Mormon church existed ten years before the question of polygamy was ever promulgated to the people, and polygamy was never held to be a commandment to all their people, but rather a permission granted to men and women of good character, and then under special rules and conditions.

The age, time, conditions and environment were vastly different sixty years ago than now, and with all these things and although it was a vital principle of the Church, polygamy did not make much headway with the Mormon people. Really, the talk about it was greater than the thing itself. The continued noise reminds me of a campaign story:

"THE FARMER AND THE FROGS."

A farmer approached a hotel man and proposed to sell him a carload of frog legs. The hotel man smiled, chuckled, and derided the old fellow, but the farmer stuck to it and persisted in his claim that he could procure and have on hand after the 3rd of November a carload of frog legs. The hotel man, not to be bluffed, agreed to take all the old man could bring of legs at 20c a dozen.

The date set rolled around, as all dates do, and the next day, after the frogs had been caught and counted, the farmer approached his prospective customer with a sheepish look and with his head bowed in disgust, carrying in his hand a small tin pail, its contents being about a couple of dozen frog legs. The hotel man smiled and asked for the carload. The farmer meekly replied, "It was the croaks that fooled me. Say, 'Don,' if there had been as many frogs as croaks I could have easily had two carloads, but alas, noise is not always indicative of truth.

When polygamy was most urged upon the membership of the church and reached its highest point in practice there were never more than three per cent of the population who entered into polygamy.

Mormon polygamy did not mean licentiousness, but it meant an additional home; it meant toil for the husbandman; it meant food, raiment and education for the children born of the union. It meant wifehood and protection. It meant joy and responsibility of motherhood; in other words, it meant all the responsibilities that go with monogamous marriages. Surely a bestial man would not assume such obligations. If so, he surely was a beast and a fool combined.

I am glad to say that polygamous marriages ceased in Utah eighteen years ago. The sentiment of the people of the United States was against it. When Utah knocked at the portals of the government for permission to enter as a State into the sisterhood of States one of the binding declarations demanded was voiced through the national congress, that before admission could be allowed, polygamous or plural marriages must be forever prohibited. The people of Utah accepted this condition and obligated themselves to it by incorporating the very language of the enabling act into their constitution, at their State Constitutional convention, and further, they took the definition of the national congressional enactment of polygamous or plural marriages and

adopted its punishment for the offense, and the amount of fine and imprisonment that should be imposed for the crime. This was the agreement entered into, and I am sure the Mormon people have kept it. If individuals have broken the law, the individual is responsible, and is punished according to the law when arraigned before the court, as any other criminal who violates the statutes of this or any other State. There are many men who commit errors that are members of churches and societies, but this should be no reflection on the church itself. The church does not teach it nor tolerate it. Nearly every murderer who was ever hanged belonged to a church, but it was no reflection on the church. There are many criminals, but it is not all criminals who are sinners. Christ was a criminal in the eyes and mind of the mob, but he was not a sinner; and so it is with some of the Utah people today.

Justice and law are in many cases two different things. We shout justice and practice law.

The people involved in this plural marriage relationship belong not to the criminal class and they are not sinners but splendid men and women. The men are counted among the most honorable in the State. The women who accepted this order of marriage, both first wives and plural wives, are as refined and pure, both in body and in mind, as can be found anywhere in the world. The men and women of Utah are earnest, honest, sincere

and as pure as any, and I will defend them while I have mind and strength to do so. Among the Mormon people exist the dearest family ties, that of husband and wife, children and grandchildren,with all the collateral relationships growing out of the family. I ask you to remember the purity of motive with which those marriage relations were formed. Think of the religious honesty of the people! and while it may seem strange to you, they believed they were doing God's service when accepting that order of marriage.

In my estimation an attempt to obliterate the polygamous relationship at one stroke would be unreasonable, unmerciful and un-American. A good man will never desert a good wife and their children, if the bony finger of all the world's hate and malice were pointed at him.

There is a higher and deeper law than those made by ordinary men and framed in statutes and constitutional law books, and that is the law of the soul of things, honor, love, affection, between father, mother, child and friend; call it if you will the moral law. This law is sustained by a refined monitor called by us, conscience, which was born in man and is a part of that mysterious something—Divinity. This law of truth and justice has been struggling toward the light in and through man since he first turned his eyes from the sod to the stars.

All that concerns us nationally is the moral sta-

tus, present and future, of any State in this our Union.

It ought to be in America that any man who has a just cause and is honest need not fear to appeal to the American people. This country is made up, or should be, of individuals and not of tribes.

My Friends: After all the fuss that has been made about this dreadful poylgamy of Utah do you not honestly think, from a biblical standpoint, which every Church in Christendom insists that we must believe, that there is some little excuse for the Mormons introducing polygamy? Let us be square, honest, and just a shade reasonable.

The doctrine of polygamy is as much a part of the old Bible as the doctrine of the trinity is a part of the New Testament.

Abraham, David, Jacob, and Solomon are held up to the whole civilized world by orthodox ministers as examples of all that is good and holy, and yet these men were polygamists of the most pronounced type. Solomon had enough wives and children to start a good-sized town with. The Bible tells us he had three hundred wives and seven hundred friends. Solomon was certainly one of two things, a very clever old man or the biggest fool that ever lived. These men, in their day, were respected and loved by the community in which they lived, and their names are perpetuated in sacred history to be used by the human race yesterday, today and forever.

Life is a funny proposition, after all, is it not? We cannonade while living, canonize when dead.

The majority of people believe nowadays, or pretend to believe, in the monogamic system of marriage. This belief is mine. However, any man or woman has a right to his or her own belief or opinion, even if it is not in keeping with constitutional law, providing he does not practice it. A government or a nation has no right to take out a man's brain nor kill the use of it. They did that in olden times, but it won't do now.

"In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still.
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two where God has not."

Do not worry any more about Utah polygamy. It has been dead eighteen years. Turn your eyes from mole hills of imagined wrongs to mountains of real sorrows and wickedness.

It is said there are eight hundred thousand fallen women in the United States. Statistics of fallen men not given.

In 1900 there were one hundred and ninety-eight thousand, nine hundred and fourteen devorced persons in the United States. There were about seventy thousand divorces in 1903 and eighty thousand in 1907.

A bulletin issued by the census bureau, November, 1908, says:

"A higher divorce rate in the United States than in any of the foreign countries where statistics are available, is announced by the census bureau, which, in a bulletin just issued, says that at least one marriage in 12 in this country ultimately terminates in divorce. The report covers the twenty years from 1887 to 1906, inclusive. In that time there were 12,832,044 marriages and 945,625 divorces, against 328,716 divorces for the preceding twenty years. Divorce is now two and a half times as common compared with the married population, as it was 40 years ago."

These are our real troubles.

Their Places of Worship.

The Salt Lake Temple, which is one of the four in the State of Utah, was erected at a cost of from three to four million dollars.

Its corner stone was laid April 6, 1853, by President Brigham Young, assisted by his counselors, Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards. After forty years of constructing, this building was dedicated April 6, 1893, by President Wilford Woodruff and his counselors.

This massive structure is built entirely of native granite, and occupies a space 186½ feet long and 90 feet wide. It is surmounted by six towers, three on the East and three on the West.

The height of the central tower to the East is 221½ feet, upon which stands the golden figure of the Angel Moroni, blowing a trumpet. This figure is twelve feet five and a half inches high, and conveys the idea of a messenger and represents the fact of Moroni bringing the gospel to the earth in this latter day dispensation. The figure is made of hammered copper, entirely covered with pure gold leaf. A 100 candle power incandescent light crowns and illumines this marvelous piece of handwork of Dallin, the famous Utah sculptor.

This Salt Lake Temple is built upon a foundation wall, which is 16 feet thick, the lower walls of the building are nine feet thick and those at the top six feet. The height of the West towers is 219 feet, the east side towers are 200 feet and the west side towers 194 feet.

It stands a silent testimony in granite of a people's industry and devotion.

Incidentally, let me remark, upon its completion it was entirely free from any sort of obligation.

If the tax-payers of America could study the methods pursued by this Church and apply them to the erection of government buildings, many of our fair cities would not be burdened with interest-bearing bonds.

MEETING HOUSES

The Mormons have no pew-holders or collection plates in their houses of worship. Saint and sinner, rich and poor, stand an equal chance of obtaining front seats. These public places of worship are called "Meeting Houses." They are severely simple.

In Salt Lake City and vicinity there are thirty-five meeting houses.

In these are held Sabbath Schools each Sunday morning, and six o'clock Sunday evening service. On Tuesday evenings are held the "Mutual Improvement" meetings; also a monthly fast day

meeting is held here. Sunday afternoon service is held in a common meeting place for all these various branches or districts, at a church known as the Tabernacle, and is presided over by the President, assisted by the twelve apostles.

TABERNACLE

This great tabernacle is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, and 100 feet high in the center of the roof, which is a single arch, unsupported by pillar or post. The walls are twelve feet thick, and there are twenty huge double doors for entry and exit. This Tabernacle resembles in appearance, the back of a vast turtle. The building seats 8,000 people. Its acoustics are so wonderful that the slightest noise can be heard. An interesting feature is that the dropping of a pin can be heard distinctly throughout the building.

Within this building stands the famous pipe organ, which ranks among the largest organs in the world. Added to the music of this organ are the voices of 500 men and women, the largest organized church choir in the world.

Philosophy of Mormonism.

What may be called the "Philosophy of Mormonism" embraces not only the doctrines and dogmas, the precepts and practices of this life, but reaches back to the eternities that have passed and forward to the eternities that are to come. The mortal probation which we call "life" is regarded by the "Latter-day Saints" as one stage—significant and of transcending importance, it is true—nevertheless a stage only in the course of that eternal progression which is the heritage of the children of Deity. And under this title are included all members of this great family of ours—the human family. The Latter-day Saints boldly affirm their belief in a pre-existent state; they combat the thought that the beginning of individual existence dates from birth, or even from the conception of the mortal body, which body, indeed, they regard as the earthly garb of an immortal spirit. This spirit had an existence as an intelligent and self-acting entity before its body of flesh took shape and shall continue to exist even after the tabernacle of earth earthy has gone to decay.

These adherents of the new theology contend that the evidence of a hereafter—in which the

immortal man shall rise above the seeming victory of the grave—is not less strong than is that pointing to a conscious and progressive existence in the "herebefore."

From this it follows as a matter of course that they affirm an intimate relationship between the past or primeval existence and the present, as also between the present existence and the future state. They say that the Eternal One, who is both merciful and just, and who is literally the Father of our spirits, is not limited by the mortal span of His children's lives in bestowing upon them His good gifts; that even in the great beyond—far on the other side of the grave—it may be possible for the children of God to repent, to separate themselves from their sins, and to set out on the upward road of progression.

Let it be remembered, however, that in this belief of theirs there is no mawkish sentimentality, no comfortable carelessness as to present responsibilities, no flattering "unction" to ease the soul of regrets for opportunities missed, and for repentance procrastinated.

Repentance, say they, is not to be had for the whimsical asking, or on the prompting of a fleeting fancy. The man who through his acts becomes hardened in sin loses not alone the ability to repent, but the capability of exercising even a forceful will toward repentance. Not a sin committed in life shall fail to leave its wound or scar; no opportunity can be wilfully spurned or care-

lessly cast aside and then be made good. Whatever the later victories in the great struggle in life, the fact of ignominious defeat is a fact of history and of record—to be overshadowed, perhaps by subsequent triumphs, to be forgotten, perchance, in the joy of better accomplishments, but never to be obliterated from the page of what has been. The "Mormons" believe in no exclusive heaven nor hell. In the future state of the soul there will be formed infinite gradations of intelligence and capacity. They often quote the words of the "Man of Nazareth, "In my Father's house there are many mansions," and every soul, say they, shall find there as he finds or makes for himself here, a home of beauty and refinement, or a hovel. But as children of the eternal God we are capable of endless advancement, however slow one's progress, if indeed we do advance; however small our capacity if we do but utilize what we have; however great the mistakes we make if we do not persistently make the same blunders over and over again; no matter how clumsily we stumble or how sore may be the bruises from our fall, do we but stumble less and blunder less as the years roll by we shall rise and grow, we shall develop and advance, for have we not eternity before us?

This theology tells of varied grades of glory, many mansions of the blest, but the splendor of the heavenly abode, the glory of the righteous, is no state of idle ease and irresponsible rest. Sal-

vation, exaltation to them is but an increase of facilities for advancement under better conditions for the work essential to progression. Heaven is a state of advanced work, of increased power for good, of glory that consists of intelligence and wisdom to use it.

This feature of their philosophy necessarily entails a liberal regard for and willing recognition of the good in all men. Every man, "be he Mormon, Jew or Gentile, Catholic, Protestant or Unitarian, Presbyterian Congregationalist or what-not shall find his place in the Father's mansion, according to his fidelity to the truth he has learned—according to the purity and capacity of his soul. Their commentaries affirm that even the heathen who has lived up conscientiously to the highest law of righteousness he has learned, shall advance and develop, while the man of civilization and high earthly station shall serve and not rule, follow and not lead, obey and not command, if he has trampled the laws of righteousness under his feet, and wandered from the path illuminated by the light of truth and beauty.

The fate of the "damned" is to these people the loss of power to advance, the cessation of development. Hell with its brimstone and fire finds no place in their theology; nor does heaven as a place where the redeemed sit on stools of flitting clouds and spend eternity in twanging harps and singing praises. They believe in a God who is best worshiped by service, not by words alone;

by deeds, not by dogmas; by effort, and not by any attainment of abstract goodness.

This life is but one of the departments in the great school of the eternities. Death is the graduation to a higher grade. The grade does not revolutionize the individual. We shall carry with us ous characters, our natures--whatever our reputation among our fellows may have been; but to the soul that loves the light, there is offered the opportunity of endless progression, and this is salvation, according to Mormon philosophy.

(I am indebted to Dr. J. E. Talmage for this article, for which I am truly grateful.)

What Mormons are Doing.

The "Mormons" are spreading out, clearing the desert of sage brush, killing reptiles, digging canals planting trees, building homes school houses and churches. They are making of a wilderness a flower garden.

Mormon leaders seldom sit by the fireside of home sweet home; they are journeying and toiling continually for the welfare of their people, bettering their conditions physically and intellectually. While the croakers sit and croak, the "Mormons" are toiling on and on.

"Mormons" have learned the old, old story, that every advancement is at the cost of infinite struggle, and they are struggling.

There is but little difference in the plans of the various churches and societies and while I have profound respect for all, I have the right to express my appreciation of a good point wherever I find it.

The principal work of the ordinary church is spiritual, up in the clouds, with, seemingly, but little thought of the conditions of the people here on earth. It is one continuous donating proposi-

tion, freed, of course, from commercialism, but the rich man, a commercialist contributes some of his wealth irrespective of how he got it to the building of a church. When this church is half finished more money is solicited to complete it, and, after all, isn't this commercialism? I am sorry to find, too, there is but little room for the rags amongst the velvet and a poor wayfarer feels, when visiting, about as much out of place as would a Mozart in a chemical laboratory.

A poor fellow waiting at the door of one of the stylish eastern churches asked, whose church is this? He was answered, "Christ's church." The stranger then said: "Is He in?" Of course he was then shown to a seat.

The various churches have charitable clubs, etc., attached to the main body. The Salvation Army is a good institution. It feeds thousands of indigents over and over again. I agree with the sentiment that "He who stoops above the fallen stands erect," but why not encourage an institution that keeps a man from falling?

The "Mormon" church, as I understand it, stands for both temporal and spiritual affairs. The Apostles are on the go year after year, colonizing, blazing the forest and performing the greatest of all charities—helping others to help themselves, and in my way of thinking, the best way to show your love of God is by helping your fellow man. The "Mormon" church or religion is the most practical of any.

DOWN HERE

"The parish priest of Austerly,
Climbed up in a high church steeple,
To be near God, so that he might hand
His word down to the people,
And in sermon script he daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven,
And he dropped it down on the people's heads
Two times one day in seven.
In his age, God said, 'Come down and die,'
And he cried from out the steeple,
'Where art thou, Lord?" and the Lord replied,
'Down here amongst the people.'"

The "Mormons" have been called a menace. "Uncle Sam" need have no fear of a people who are brave and industrious, who cultivate the divine art of music, who sing and teach their children to sing, who are happy and contented in their mountain homes. Uncle Sam need not be afraid of a church that has the best kind of charity and takes care of its poor. A state is not a menace that has sent many of the best and brainiest men and women in the Union into the world —sculptors, artists, vocalists, musicians, preachers, soldiers sailors and statesmen.

It is an absurd idea that the state or states can be a menace whose people are chaste and vir-

tuous, who love children and welcome them into the world with songs of joy. The country is safe where women prefer the dashing boy and the pretty girl for their pets rather than a bull canine or a Maltese feline.

Uncle Sam need have no fear of a state whose public school system ranks among the best in the United States; that possesses school buildings which for general excellence are not outclassed in the whole United States; where there stands an investment of $100 for every child of school age. The people of Utah have their eyes on the stars, but they keep pegging away on earth.

During the war a personal friend said to Mr. Lincoln: "Mr. President, do you really expect to end this war during your administration?" "Can't say, sir; can't say, sir." "But, Mr. Lincoln, what do you really mean to do?" "Peg away, sir; peg away; keep pegging away."

WILL KEEP PEGGING AWAY

The "Mormons," it strikes me, will keep pegging away. Through all the ages in the realms of art, science, inventions, discoveries and progress, there have always been the knockers. All good springs from eternal combat. The "Mormon" people will never be a menace to good government under the Stars and Stripes of Old Glory.

They are not dumb driven cattle and the men

who continually insult them by calling them such are not very apt to get their votes. When you abuse the leaders you abuse the people.

If the selection of a president of these United States depended upon the citizens of Utah, their judgment would not be very bad. Of course, they wouldn't vote for a bigot who would kill them. They would select men with similar minds to Theodore Roosevelt, who believes in a square deal for everybody.

MY DOCTRINE

"My doctrine is to lay aside
Contention and be satisfied;
Just do your best and praise or blame
That follows, that counts just the same."

"I've always noticed great success,
Is mixed with trouble, more or less,
And it's the man who does his best
That gets more kicks than all the rest."

Be Strong.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle; face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?—
And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh, shame!
Stand up; speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long.
Faint not; fight on; Tomorrow comes the song.

—*D. Maltbie Babcock.*

To Live and Grow.

It is better a man be half wrong, and think for himself than be all right by allowing some one else to think for him.

Human life is very like a tree, its growth is upward toward the light. A man who has more light, more talents, it is his duty, and should be his pleasure, to extend a strong helping hand to his less favored brother.

Hold aloft the torch of reason and in manly confidence and kindness lead him from the morass of error into the sunlit fields of golden truth.

We should aim to be men in the true sense of the term and attain the highest perfection in human life—a man; a king can be no more. The right thinking man is without fear of any sort or shape. He is not an asker of favors and is never a failure.

The mind is vaster than the earth and he is always true to his higher and better self.

The animal man who dissipates, who does not think and reason, who begs and bows and cringes to his fellows exchanges higher values for lower values, and thus surrenders the Divinity within his keeping, leaving ere long a rotten hulk,

spoiled and ruined, a thing to be despised—only to be inhabited by bats and bugs on the filthy banks of stagnant pools.

Live for something; have a purpose and that purpose keep in view.

TRUE MANHOOD

"Build it well whate'er ye do;
Build it straight and strong and true.
Build it high and clean and broad;
Build it for the eye of God."

A real man, in word and deed, is an honest one. Death to him is preferable to dishonor. He is genial and ever faithful to his trusts; he is as true as the compass and as tender as the flowers. His influence is felt for good at home, on the street, in business circles, and in public places. He is slow to condemn, and when prejudice controls the hearts of men, clamor and scandal fill the air, he exercises care and prudence and does not run with, nor echo the ravings of unthinking minds.

He cultivates the higher faculties and sensibilities. He looks with pity rather than with blame at the mistakes, faults and frailties of his fellows. He is honest, prompt, kind and true. He stands erect and craves more than bread and sleep. He loves his God and works and hopes for every man, himself included. He knows the poet spoke the truth when he said:

"'Tis not so much what now we are
As what we may become.
God reckons on the growth of man;
Eternity gives room."

We shall never have a decent civilization until a noble, intellectual manhood is builded. Then every human being will walk under the torchlight of reason and will think and act according to the dictates of his conscience—God's monitor.

SUGGESTIONS

If a tale-bearer pours poisonous stories into your ear about a friend, play fair, give your friend —the slandered one—an equal chance with the slanderer. Never judge harshly nor slight a man through the tongue of a chatterer; if you do, you are on the same plain as the chatterer. Men talk —monkeys chatter; be men!

An honest man is never insulted nor slighted, an inferior man can't insult him and a superior won't.

Never worry as to people liking you, live your own life, be worthy of self-esteem, honor-bright. This is enough!

In every man there is the power of greatness—needs development, that's all.

Be honest, energetic; it's the only way.

Mind and heart make the man.

The business man who claims for himself "no sentiment in business" and means it—is an animal.

The world needs individual strength for a higher and more extended form of unity. It needs groups of thinkers harmonizing their best thought into universal fellowship.

The tribal age is past.

You are what some one else tells you to be, unless you think it over yourself.

The most valuable asset is honesty. A man may be a fool, but if he is honest, no honors are too great, and he has them.

It's mighty good to come across a man who is sincere.

Boys, be somebody, and get experience—knowledge.

There is something wrong with a man who is afraid to live or afraid to die.

Thousands of people are in the business of saving souls, but few are trying to make them worth saving.

Reason separates men from animals.

To be a success stop singing so much about the "Sweet By and By," but sing sweet songs of the eternal now.

Think of it—change your opinions, you are compelled to change your friends—it is laughable, but it's the truth.

Many people will fight for their religion, but seldom have a thought of living it.

The world boasts of civilization, but it's ever so far away.

Reason is the lamp of the mind and the source of justice.

Many people call themselves liberals, but they insist on mental slavery for the other fellow.

Remember always that religion is personal and private. Be honest, let your neighbor's alone.

A man who is envious is not good, hence he cannot do good.

A broken promise is the meanest and most aggravating of lies.

Only fools are dishonest, foolish to themselves.

The honest man may have to walk alone, but he always has the pleasure of good company.

WHAT MAKES A MAN.

"Not numerous years nor lengthened life
Nor pretty children nor a wife;
Nor pins and chains and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trumpery things,
Nor pipes, cigars nor bottled wine;
Nor liberty with kings to dine;
Nor coat nor boot, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest or trim cravat;
Nor master, reverend sir, nor squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Nor ancestry tracked back to Will
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Nor judge's robe nor mayor's mace,
Nor crown that decks the royal race;
These, all united, never can
Enlarge the soul to make the man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace;

A spirit firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee;
That will not bear a feather's weight
Of slavery's chain for small or great;
That firmly speaks of God within,
And never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make
That loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God and only God,
That trembles at no tyrant's nod—
And thus can smile in curse and ban—
That is the soul that makes the man."

—*Author Unknown.*

The Mind of the Mob,

Or the Evils of Public Clamor.

'If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to their start,
We'd find not one in ten began
From want of willing heart.
But there's a sly woe-working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings away,
The elf—'I didn't think.'"

From the earliest dawn of civilization to the present time a struggle has been going on, in developing the intellectual or spiritual man out of the animal or unthinking man.

It has been a continuous battle between thought built sentiment and mobocracy. Since two thousand years before Christ, law-givers and philosophers have labored to teach men to keep in subjection their speech and their appetites.

The few thinkers, the intellectual lights who have illumined the pathway of the ages, stand out conspicuously because their numbers have been few, but their influence has blessed humanity and we enjoy the fruits of their labors.

There are now a few churches and a few societies, and only a few, with the purpose in view of developing the higher faculties and sensibilities; that is, to develop the man—strangle the brute, in other words, *to make men.*

"You mourn, you sigh, because men hate each other;
It makes you grieve that men shall kill each other;
Alas, that man should fill the world with sorrow!
And yet he may do better things tomorrow."

We owe a debt of gratitude to the workers of the past. Had it not been for the life's devotion of the few who worked unceasingly and alone, without a word of cheer, without recompense, either of food or raiment, and then died upon the cross, the rack, and the scaffold, that each succeeding generation might reap a golden harvest of intellectual liberty from their sowing the seeds of sacrifice, we today would be subject, entirely, to the whims and fancies of the mob.

Lowell expressed a truth when he said:

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own."

The mob cannot think, and some individuals who might think, won't! Hence humanity must still travel on through the swamps and foul

morass of bigotry and ignorance. The ship of progress must flounder about in stagnant pools, chained to posts of envy and hate, by public clamor.

The pilgrim fathers who sacrificed all to attain their liberty of conscience, no sooner had they attained it, than they commenced to enslave others. This condition of the human mind seems to perpetuate itself. Nineteen hundred years of Christian teachings seem to have eradicated but little of the devilish sin of public clamor. Today we see brother against brother, church against church, society against society, and each claiming to be a follower of the gentle Nazarene who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Christ walked from town to town, crying to the people, "Do ye unto others as ye would have others do unto you," and they crucified him.

He died with a smile on his face and a loving word upon his lips, while the mob clamored and finished its devilish work.

The same old spirit and the same old mob are still at it, killing their victims on the cross of slander and burning them at the fagots of prejudice and hate.

Abraham Lincoln said, "Our reliance is in the love of liberty which God has planted in us. Our defense is in the spirit which prizes liberty as the heritage of all men. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God can not long retain it." Lincoln meant

this not only for governments but for individuals, churches, and societies. A true man will never ask for a right that he will not accord to his fellowman.

If a poor barbarian was kneeling to a stuffed snake praying for his wife and babe, you have no right to laugh and scoff at him. You would do better by kneeling down and praying with him.

"Hush up that spiteful tongue of yours,
Give him a chance to grow,
Before you hang him, tell me this:
Why differs he from you?

"You never made yourself, my friend;
Then why should you be proud?
And if you've only what's been given,
What right have you to crowd?"

The road has been long and dreary, from Pythagoras, the sage of Samos, to Lincoln, the sage of America, but all across the ages the mob has kept a going clamoring for the destruction of every man who was ahead of his time, every advanced thought, every invention, and every discovery. The best have always been abused the most. In our time questions that affect the welfare of the state or nation are not taken up and considered under the torch of reason, but to the contrary, under the red flag and the skull and cross bones of hate and egotism. The warring factions work for supremacy, not for principle, by arousing public clamor.

We may well cry, where is the Christ? and what of his teachings? We surely need "the second coming" or a revival of the works and of his life's teachings.

"Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

The mob and public clamor have pursued the "Mormon" people for 75 years, which is evidence in itself of their strength and fortitude.

Ladies and gentlemen are traveling to and fro, proving their goodness(?) by telling old-time tales and bugaboo stories about Utah and "the horrid" "Mormons."

The buzzard of public clamor has vomited its nastiness to such an extent that when a resident journeys from home and names his state, hands go up, eyes bulge and exclamation bursts into the air, "Oh, my! I wouldn't live in such a horrid place as Salt Lake or Utah."

The whole miserable defamation is a base falsehood from beginning to end.

The "Mormon" people are just as pure, just as thoughtful, just as intelligent, just as honest and just as virtuous, as any people in the world. I know them and I like them. They are plain, kindly and hospitable amongst themselves, and to the stranger, and the word stranger is not underscored in Utah. I have found the leaders of the "Mormon" church, during my residence here since 1869, possessing the same fraternal spirit, extend-

ing the same kindly handclasp, as I found amongst the people at large.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." These leaders have guided the ship in safety through all the storms of prejudice into the vales of peace and plenty, where 80 per cent of the people own their own homes, and the intelligence and status of education is only two rounds from the top of the ladder; and they keep "pegging" away.

Their religion is a practical one, and has been a blessing to many thousands of God's children, materially and spiritually. Forests have been subdued; homes, schoolhouses and churches have been built, and the people educated.

The fight on the "Mormons" should be stopped. Many men have grown gray in slashing them, and it is now a part of their existence.

"The world is full o' ruts, my boy—
Some shaller and some deep.
An' ev'ry rut is full o' folks
As high as they can heap."

As men and lovers of justice we must appeal to the young for liberality and a square deal or America will not be entitled to the name, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

SIMILAR PICTURES

There are similar pictures in the life and death of Christ and of Joseph Smith. Christ no sooner

commenced his mission than the mob got after him. His was a brief life of turmoil and suffering. He wandered about, and what a task for him to get a hearing. I love to read the story of his loving deeds, of his defense of the unfortunate victims of public clamor. One can easily imagine that divine, manly face and strong arm going amongst the poor and wretched outcasts in the slums of the city. He sees the mob, with its bloodshot eyes and sputtering mouths, chasing a poor "fallen" girl, each fellow picking up stones as they rushed on. Christ, the only friend, ran to the rescue; with flashing eye and upraised arm he held the mob at bay.

Can you not hear him say: "Stand back, every one of you!" and after a pause, said: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone."

Can you not see the howlers, the mob slink away, out of sight, awed by his presence? Can you not hear him say: "Don't be afraid, little girl, they shall not harm you." In tender tones and with a friendly hand upon her shoulder, he said, "Go thou and sin no more." The world has had one Christian and he was out of Nazareth. See him, at the supper table with his twelve friends, one spotter in the twelve. See Judas betray him. Can you not see and hear his best friend, Peter, deny him? Can you not hear him say during that awful hour in Gethsemane: "Rest, brothers, rest, thou art tired, I would be alone."

Can you not see and hear him say when the mob came to take him, led by Judas, "Are ye come out as against a thief to take me?" Can you not hear him speak and see him push back the mob, and tell the crowd he had lived with them in the city many years, "and ye took me not." Can you not hear the shouts and see the mob push and abuse Jesus and stand him before the priests, alone, deserted by everybody; not one of the preachers of the time had pluck enough to speak a word for the outcast from Nazareth. Oh, public clamor, thou art a devilish thing!

SAME PREJUDICE IN MODERN TIMES

Any one who attended the "Mormon" Church investigation in modern times can realize the position of Jesus when before Pilate. How the crowd winked and blinked and wagged their heads and poked each other with glee when a point was made as to garments worn and the ceremonies of the Church.

Can yon not see Christ stand before Pilate, and with folded arms complacently answer questions about endowments and "Art thou the king of the Jews," etc., with the brief reply, "Thou sayest it?" Contempt of court, eh?

Can you not realize the fool power of public clamor? "Pilate marveled" because Jesus would not answer some fool question.

Think, when at the feast a prisoner was to be

released in honor of the occasion; which shall it be? Jesus the pure and good, or Barabbas the thief and murderer? The mob shouted give us Barabbas and crucify Jesus. The ladies and gentlemen of the Home Protective association passed burning resolutions to crucify, crucify him. His last prayer was: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

For particulars see chapter 15 of St. Mark, the Bible. Read it now.

Note the wagging heads when the mob had done its worst and Jesus of Nazareth cried: "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani," meaning "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

In the time of Julius Caesar the mob! the mob! could not, would not think, and Cæsar, the people's best friend, was sacrificed, and the "unkindest cut" was given him by one who knew better, but being weak in manhood, he allowed himself to be hoodwinked and urged on by a disgruntled politician. The soul of Brutus was darkened by sin, and note how he struggled with tinkling words to make his murderous wrong appear a mighty right. Over the bleeding body of good Cæsar did he stir the mob to frenzy until even the mortal casket was in danger of being torn asunder, limb from limb, and Brutus said 'twas right because "Cæsar was ambitious."

What a diplomatic struggle it was for Mark Antony, the one, lone friend of dead Cæsar, to get a hearing, but in an hour, when the mob once

learned of the goodness of Cæsar then Brutus, in turn, was in danger of being pulled to pieces.

Vice of every kind is ignorance, and clamor is its vile weapon.

Public clamor kept up its devilish work until the mob assassinated Joseph Smith, the "Mormon" Prophet, and he died crying, "O Lord, my God!"

Public clamor burned Bruno at the stake, and he said, "I die willingly" for the truth.

Bigotry gave the hemlock to Socrates, one of the bravest, truest, simplest and wisest of mankind.

Public clamor painted Abraham Lincoln as an ape picking nuts from a tree. He was assassinated. He is now our gentlest memory.

Public clamor pictured William McKinley as a Napoleon minus the brains. He was shot to death. We all love him now.

Public clamor painted Mark Hanna as a monstrosity, but when he died, with bowed heads people whispered in sorrow, "Hanna is dead."

I have no use for public clamor. I ask neither for its smiles nor do I notice its frowns. It is unsafe, unreliable. It kills, then weeps. In life it strews poisonous weeds, after death roses.

I am not particular about flowers on the casket. If you have any to give, give them now in kindly words and loving deeds; if not, keep still after I am gone.

If public clamor attacks a friend, don't stam-

pede and shout with the crowd, Crucify, crucify. Just stop, think, investigate!

We need more practical churches, more practical home builders, helpers of men to help themselves. Seven day churches. Don't turn your eyes so skyward as to miss your neighbor's needs.

A WORD TO MINISTERS

Dear ministers, you have been ordained by some bishop or church. I haven't; my mother ordained me. I set myself apart. I am responsible only to my own conscience—God's monitor. I have a message of love, hope and encouragement to deliver to as many as I can reach with humble voice and feeble pen.

In all kindness let me ask, do you not see, dear friends, that you are being crowded out of everyday life?

Don't you realize that you are treated as something to be looked at, an ornament rather than an active factor in life's work in the community?

Don't you realize the wicked conditions in politics, the bribery and corruptions throughout the land, yet you dare not get into a primary or a convention, because public clamor would howl at you, hence your influence is set aside and the country is turned over to scheming politicians?

Don't you think if you were to put a little bit of commercialism into your work and do something for the people on earth as well as up in the

clouds, you would be doing more good for God and his children than you are doing now?

There is one thing you ought to do. Stop your abuse of the "Mormons." It's wrong of you. If you don't want to help the "Mormons" to colonize and build homes, join General Booth of the Salvation Army; for heaven's sake do something for the people here on earth.

While you are worrying about mole hills of wickedness, mountains are growing about you.

Do your best to stop public clamor and to make the people *think*.

In the words of an immortal—Solon of Athens:

"In all things let reason be your guide. In everything you do consider the end."

PASSIONS

"Put down the passions that make earth hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride;
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind." —*Tennyson.*

QUIT YOUR KNOCKING

"Put your hammer in the locker,
Hide your sounding board likewise;
Anyone can be a "knocker;"
Anyone can critizise.

Cultivate a manner winning,
Though it hurts your face to smile
And seems awkward in beginning;
Be a booster for a while.

"Let the blacksmith do the pounding,
That's the way he draws his pay,
You don't get a cent for hounding
Saint and sinner night and day.
Just for solid satisfaction
Drop a kind word in the slot,
And I'll warrant you'll get action
For your effort, on the spot.

"Kindness every time beats kicking;
Mirth is better than a frown;
Do not waste your time in picking
Flaws with brothers who are down.
And if it isn't too distressing,
You just give a little boost
To the man the fates are pressing,
When the chicks come home to roost.

"Yes, this old world would be brighter,
If you'd kindle friendship's flame,
And thus make the trouble lighter
For the man against the game.
Send your grouch on a vacation
Give your grumbling tones the shake,
And with grim determination,
Throw your hammer in the lake."

Columbus and Brigham Young.

I have illustrated to you the value of small influences. Each one of us casts an influence in this world for good or for evil. Our lives may be simple, and our doings may make but a small ripple on the ocean of life, yet, like the pebble cast upon the smooth surface of the water, circles may commence to form and grow until they reach from shore to shore. Think now of the force of greater ones, but still the greater ones were but small ones when first set in motion.

I believe in ideals. I think, sometimes, ideals are better than ideas.

Brave men are few and far between, and as they pass away new ideals shine forth, slowly, as the years roll by. Prejudice all across the ages has retarded the world's appreciation of its toilers.

I often quote beautiful sentiments from great minds, but it would weaken the influence, at the time, to speak their names. Bigotry and prejudice have always played their villainous part in the drama of life.

If the words are quoted:

"The world is my country, to do good my religion;"

or this beautiful thought:

"The glory of God is intelligence."

And this:

"The place to be happy is here,
The time to be happy is now.
The way to be happy
Is to make others so."

or:

"We rise by raising others."

And this:

In the year 1846, in camp at Winter Quarters, Brigham Young said: "If any are sick let those who are healthy help them. If any are poor let those who have means divide of their substance unto the poor. If there are those who are not of our faith who desire to accompany us into the wilderness, in search of homes, let them come on and give them a hearty welcome. I look upon every American citizen as a friend and a brother."

It is safest to let the author's names be untold. The mind of the world has to unfold into higher realms of thought, or the sages have not been dead long enough yet. The mists of prejudice must be rolled away by intellectual development, and then humanity builds monuments to their memories.

The history of Utah cannot be written without

the name of Brigham Young, the pioneer and fearless leader of the early "Mormons."

These pioneers started from Winter Quarters, now Florence, Nebraska, on April 18, 1847. The main body of people were left upon the Missouri, they following later.

I can best give you an idea of the indomitable pluck and energy of Brigham Young by making a comparison between him and Christopher Columbus. Both were pioneers, both dauntless in their courage; both were successful. Brigham Young was abused and villified, not understood.

Brigham Young tracked the barren desert knowing very little about the uncivilized West. Behind him was his old home and a few loved ones. Behind him were the sneers and curses of his fellow men, but withal, he pushed on into the desert and the wilderness. In his devotion to his people he was as gentle as the flowers. In his defense of them he was as bold and fearless as the lion. That little band of exiled outcasts looked to him as their Moses. And he was.

When in deepest sorrow and tribulation, when hope had almost fled, when skies were dark, and the only music to their ears was the war-whoop of the painted savage, and the dismal howl of the wolf, when thunders rolled and lightnings flashed; 'mid all this despair, Brigham Young would sing and shout to his people:

"Come; come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear,
But with joy wend your way.

Though hard to you this journey may appear;
Grace shall be as your day.
"Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell,
All is well, all is well."

Brigham Young was a great and gifted man, a big-hearted man, broad-minded and philanthropic. I knew him personally and I liked him.

He and his people penetrated the very heart of the desert and the mountains, where they founded Salt Lake City, the home we love so well—the parent of hundreds of cities, towns and villages that have sprung into existence as the gift of Brigham Young and his band of pioneers.

Note my comparison of the two men, Brigham Young and Christopher Columbus.

Think of the life of Columbus, how he suffered, how he was reviled; yet he gave to the generations of today and those to follow, life's grandest lesson, "Sail on, sail on." No man suffered more indignities, nor surmounted more gigantic obstacles than did Christopher Columbus. He accomplished as much, if not more, for the physical and mental development of the world than any other man. He illumined for the whole world the Atlantic ocean and discovered a land of majestic wonders.

We today are reaping the harvest of his sowing. Though he was ignored, neglected and left to die alone in poverty and distress, his lessons

to the world will permeate all the coming ages.

It is the way of the world:

"Cannonade while living,
Canonize after death."

The character of this man, this splendid ideal, is beautifully portrayed in the grand poem by Joaquin Miller, the sturdy California poet. The poem illustrates the hardships and vicissitudes, the trials and tribulations during the voyage of Columbus and his men to America, just previous to the discovery of this continent.

One of these two pioneers was a "Mormon," the other a "Catholic." One was on the land, the other on the sea. Brigham Young said: "Come on, come on," and over five hundred miles of country was redeemed from a Mexican desert to an American garden.

Columbus said: "Sail on, sail on." He gained a world; he gave that world its grandest lesson, "On and on."

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On and on!"

— *Joaquin Miller.*

Joseph Fielding Smith.

Joseph F. Smith, always of Utah, a pioneer, a lover of its people—the present president of the church, has been brutally assailed and not one word from any minister or barely from any one, outside of his own people, has been spoken in his defense. Men who should be friends, not content with the prejudices and clamor now going on against the "Mormon" church, must attack individual members of that church. Joseph F. Smith has been heralded throughout the land as the personification of all that is selfish and mean. People, of course, will "gulp it down" and chatter it to others whom they meet on life's highway.

Public clamor has been and is now painting this man as an autocrat, a selfish thing in human shape; wagging tongues, pens dipped in gall and vinegar and the deft pencil of the artist, all are employed in hurling vile epithets at this leader of a despised and misunderstood people.

Joseph F. Smith is a plain man, unostentatious to a fault.

The student in the world's great schools of thought, if graduated from out of the mists and fogs of envy and jealousy will see in the life of

Joseph F. Smith a lesson worthy of emulation. He or she will learn the lesson of toil, of ceaseless energy, of faithfulness to every trust, whether of a private or public nature. He is the chosen leader of 350,000 people who have reposed confidence in him, and his record shows that the confidence was not misplaced. He is a kindly gentleman, but, you say, he is a "Mormon," and polygamy is vile, and his creed ridiculous.

Do you pause to consider that your judgment may be at fault? I have never heard Joseph F. Smith express condemnation of your religion. His book of life is open, no turned down page.

In reply to the anticipated question about polygamy, I will answer. Don't worry! The polygamy question is being righted in a humane way, just as Christ would have righted it were he on earth to give the word—on a square deal plan between man, woman and God. If the hunters of mole hills would only turn their batteries, just for a little while, on the mountains of wickedness throughout the United States, and then, if they have any spare time, give a little attention to continuing the work of crowning the ancient polygamists spoken of so kindly in the book of law—the Bible—they would be better off. The question of polygamy in Utah will soon be a thing of the past, and Utah's sea, if clamor ceases, will be as tranquil and calm as a summer's morning.

Joseph F. Smith holds positions of trust and leadership, because of his ability and integrity,

and for the advancement of industries which would have never been set afoot but for him, rather than for selfish gain. Investigate, if you are interested, then decide with honor bright, for yourselves. Joseph F. Smith is the one man who struck a decisive blow for the separation of the church from the state. He said to the politicians, "Get thee behind me. The church is not in politics."

He should have praises for his manliness for settling this long-mooted question, but, like many others who deserve credit, and do not get it, is cannonaded, and called ugly names by the very men who sought his influence which they now proclaim a crime to possess. The accusations which have been hurled at this man are untrue. He is a splendid foil to an autocrat, to a monarch or to unkindness.

"Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
Which well nigh shame extremest hell?
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall honor bleed? Shall truth succumb?
Shall pen and press and soul be dumb?

—*Whittier.*

A MAN

He stands four-square to the world,
Resolute, brave.
The tempest against him hurled,
Breaks as a wave
On a tall cliff, out of the sea
Rearing its form,
In unmoved serenity,
Braving the storm.

With fiber of oak ingrained,
Simple but strong,
Self-balanced and self-contained,
Firm against wrong.
At home, with a genial way,
Sunny and bright,
But like a lion at bay
When in the fight.

Too proud to betray a trust,
Hating a lie.
Uncompromising, but just,
Strong to defy.
A leader for truth today
Stands in the van,
Of whom all the world can say,
"This is a man."

—*This poem by J. A. Edgerton, a friend of humanity.*

Senator Reed Smoot.

The Man.

This article was published in the Ogden Sunday "Mormon Examiner," September 9, 1906.

Mr. Editor: As a friend I ask for space to speak for a friend, just a few true words of a truthful man who has never spoken untruthfully or unkindly of any man.

I have before me a poem, "The Land of Joy," by S. E. Kiser, and as I read it the thought came: If fraternal love were the ruling power, what a beautiful home this world would be for all of us.

The poem describes the conditions when the world is free, when civilization has attained a degree worthy of our pride and boast. All men working in harmony and rejoicing in their labors, no slanderers, no liars, no hypocrites. I quote one verse:

"On every corner high stones were raised
And the names of the living were chiseled there.
And those who merited praise were praised.
Hence gladness abounded everywhere.
Whenever a fair thing might be said,
They chiseled it there on a gleaming stone,
They didn't wait till a man was dead
To praise the courage that he had shown."

No wonder the toilers for humanity get tired when they look about them and see the awful conditions in human life, that after so many centuries of struggle toward human civilization that such little progress has been made in the development of heart and brain, in kindness, in decency, especially so in our political affairs—politics really being the all-important factor in the physical and mental world.

NOT WORTH THE COST

Recently a man was asked: "Why not run for a political office; we need good men?" The man answered: "Well, sir, I love my home, my country, my city, but my love is not strong enough to place myself in a position to have filthy abuse thrown at me all the time or to be called nasty, ugly names which are to be found only in the vocabulary of a hoodlum."

"I would say further, never have I imagined that this town or country couldn't get along without my political services. I know of no position in or obtainable in so-called politics that is worth while or worth the fuss and trouble one is compelled to pass through to secure it.

"I see no honor in public office. Honor is not doled out nor tacked on. Honor comes from within, by a noble life by service to humanity.

"Character, and character only, is the source from which honor comes to man.

"No, thank you, my well-meaning but mistaken friend, good-day."

As my friend passed on I thought of the slang of "Bill" and "Tom," "Jack"—and again "Bill," and many vile names given to gentlemen for whom people will very likely be erecting monuments to their honor in a few years from now.

WHEN JUSTICE REIGNS

When justice instead of revenge; when the man and not the brute controls our humanity, nations and communities will reap untold benefits, better service, better men and a happier people everywhere.

> "For through the future shines the golden age
> Of brotherhood. A new humanity
> Foretold by poet, prophet, saint and sage,
> Will work together when the world is free."

The Honorable Reed Smoot and his beautiful family have been held up to scorn and ridicule and for four years have suffered at the hands of an ignorant, un-American, clamoring crowd, with barely a voice to cry shame on their defamers.

Men here and there with brush and pen originating vile stories, so that they may be circulated throughout the land. And yet we boast of

our Christianity, our Golden Rule under the banner of the cross!

The abuse is all on account of his religion, because he is a "Mormon," for there is not one stain upon his character.

The Constitution of the United States and of this State provides for absolute freedom of religious worship and perfect toleration of religious sentiment.

Fellow Americans, if you are not true to this principle, you may be the next attacked by bigots. We must stop them or none of us are safe.

A howling bigot is more dangerous than is a drawn sword in the hands of an idiot.

THE MANNER OF MAN

I am personally acquainted with Reed Smoot. I know him to be a big, broad-minded, generous man, according the same rights and privileges as a citizen and a fellow man to all he meets on life's highway as he claims for himself.

After an acquaintance with this good man for over twenty years, I can say never has he been the man to crowd his religious beliefs or his ideas on anyone.

Reed Smoot is in the broadest sense an American citizen, holding above all things allegiance to the Government. Whatever party be in power, Republican or Democratic, or if any other party comes into power by the vote of the people, Reed

Smoot will never say he holds no allegiance to the administration.

He was honestly elected to represent Utah in the Senate of the United States by men belonging to various creeds, and some with no creed, and of different nationalities.

It was a legislative body of men as intelligent as any to be found in all America, who sent him to Washington.

When Reed Smoot came before the public it was popular, all over the United States, as it is now, to shout about and against the "Mormons." His political enemies and traducers were cognizant of this fact, and they clutched at this advantage like birds of prey. Then, like buzzards, they emptied their nastiness over him in an endeavor to destroy his influence and character.

Then the lie was sent forth by men clothed in robes of purity that Reed Smoot was a polygamist—had three wives. This was and is the most popular lie of all. The people enjoy it so much. This sensational story took like wildfire, and thousands now refuse to be disillusioned from this favorite black crow story.

I am pleased to say that the truth has been forced upon many people throughout the country and the strength of the lie has been very much weakened.

After this story somewhat failed, his religion and his church were pounced upon and our coun-

try has been all agog for years with "Much ado about nothing."

Reed Smoot has never been a polygamist, under any system.

"CHURCH INFLUENCE"

When William Jennings Bryan came into the political arena, the great weapon with which to whip the Republican party was the cry of imperialism. It helped to kill Wm. McKinley, but the Republican party still lives. There was no basis or foundation for the cry, but nevertheless it served well and was a most useful lie.

There are many men in Utah and elsewhere who have danced the old dance against the "Mormons" for so long a time that they seem to have forgotten every other tune.

The fight against the "Mormon" church should have ended in 1890. Since then the basis for a continuation of it has been imaginary, but a certain class of men dance and dance and repeat their incantations until imaginary ghosts become to their illiberal minds a reality. So we have in Utah the awful spectre of church influence, which is a favorite cry against the Hon. Reed Smoot. Every individual has a right to his influence, be he Methodist, Catholic, Mormon, Presbyterian, Congregationalist or Holy Jumper. In a desire to kill a church you should at least be careful not to kill the citizen.

The Church is not in politics but individual "Mormons" are, and they have as much right to be as has Theodore Roosevelt, who at times takes the pulpit. Because any man is in politics, that is not a combination of church and state.

This warfare is for the rights of conscience, of religious liberty in America. A man who is a "Mormon," or a Methodist, has an inalienable right to political life, irrespective of whatever position he may hold. If he has not that right, it is well for people of all creeds or of no creeds to know it. "Eternal vigilance is the price of mental liberty."

The struggle now on is testing the strength of this principle of mental liberty under the Stars and Stripes. Liberals all over the world are watching the battle and hoping for liberty's success.

> "Justice is tardy, and comes by degrees
> While truth in the world creeps low on her knees,
> Assailed by ignorance, hate and disease,
> But the time to hail her is now."

In this country a man's religion is and should be his personal, private property. No person has a natural right or a governmental right to interfere with a man's religion any more than he has a right to meddle with his pocketbook, and "he who steals my purse steals trash."

The shrieking, unthoughtful abuse which has been heaped upon Mr. Smoot by so-called Chris-

tians disgraces the name and should bring a blush for shame for the church in His name to every thinking member, be it man or woman, who aims to follow the Master in His steps of loving kindness.

Reed Smoot has never spoken an unkind word of his traducers. He has borne all the abuse and calumny, believing all the time in the reasoning powers and justice of American manhood and womanhood.

In every way his character is clean and above reproach. Yet he is the most abused man in the United States. Think of it!

Character is what a man really is. Reputation is what people say or think a man is.

Vile slander can only be understood by the understanding of a depraved order of the human mind, the beast in man, which is the poison in the cup of life.

I read in the Saturday Eveneing Post a few days ago a statement that "while Richard Mansfield was recovering from a dangerous, nearly fatal, attack of typhoid fever he received an anonymous letter coarsely and grossly expressive of the writer's animosity," and with a lively regret that he (Mansfield) had not died.

"With fame in just proportion envy grows.
The man who makes a character makes foes.
Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes a world of flies,
With haughty malice, but with feeble wing,

They show they live, they flutter and they sting!
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairet name."

Public opinion does not prove anything. There is no degree, no judgment in what "they" say.

Thoughtless people simply chatter and repeat words. Merely a contest of which can speak the nasty word first.

The whole defamation of the Latter-day Saints' church and of its members is a falsehood from beginning to end. The church is more helpful than others, and its people are just as pure, just as thoughtful, just as intelligent, just as virtuous as any class of people in the world; plain kindly and hospitable, and just as free.

For a real good case of public clamor read the 15th chapter of St. Mark. Read it now.

WHY FIGHT A TEMPERATE MAN?

As to the fight being made by the women of America, "they know not what they do." If the principles of the great organization known as the W. C. T. U. stand for aught, or if the members of that society knew and truly adhered to its teachings, such men as Reed Smoot would be appreciated and their sons would be taught to emulate his honest, clean, sober life. His life represents the uplifting ideas and principles taught by and found in the books and Bibles of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

In the life of Reed Smoot there is no turned down page. He is a man! I know him and I like him. As to his religion I have nothing to say. That is nobody's business but his own. I submit a few lines from Alexander Pope for the consideration of egotists everywhere:

"A UNIVERSAL PRAYER"

"Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

"If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay.
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way."

What a blessing it would be to our nation if the politicians and newspapers would give the people something to think about instead of to fight about; teach the principles of their respective parties. The voters would then know how to vote on election day. Men who were men before they were politicians, should cease being politicians rather than cease being men. Stop calling each other ugly names. It is not only mean, but it's very silly and thinkers laugh at you.

NOT A MORAL COMBAT

The fuss and feathers which have been made and which are still going on in Utah were found-

ed in nasty, selfish politics and to claim the battle was or is for morality would be as ridiculous as for an old hen to give a lecture on chastity.

Reed Smoot is an energetic, honest, genial, reliable business man, a faithful husband an affectionate father and a true friend. He has a noble wife and six children, types of physical and intellectual promise. He is true to his trusts both of a private and public character.

It is well to consider that while in Washington Senator Smoot's every move has been made while a clamoring crowd was ever pointing at him the ignorant finger of scorn and derision. But withal he has gained the esteem and respect of the thinking, "know-something," reasoning people of America.

The people are thoroughly tired of personal abuse. They are asking for some policy of government, some principle, something to think about for the betterment of conditions. They are tired of slang, tired of seeing animals fight, tired of clamor without thought or knowledge.

There never has been in the history of our nation such a demand for pure, honest, unselfish men as now, who are ready to do something for the welfare of the people at large. Men, now is your chance.

Men, my brothers! Let your neighbor's religion alone.

Attend to your own business. Do something worth while, and remember always

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can,
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

We should aim for a nobler manhood, irrespective of material success.

NOTE:—This was printed in pamphlet form and received a wide circulation in the East. A copy was sent to many of the United States Senators.

SENATOR SMOOT'S TELEGRAM, AND REPLY TO IT.

W. U. T. Co.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
February 20, 1907.

To Mr. John P. Meakin,
New York City, N. Y.,
347 W. 34th St.

Hopkins amendment making two-thirds necessary to declare Senator not entitled to seat, yea 49, no 22. Carmack's substitute for expulsion, yea 27, no 43. Burrows resolution amended as above, yea 28, no 42. REED SMOOT.

Senator Reed Smoot, Washington, D. C.

I congratulate you personally with all my heart. Reason is the lamp of Justice, thoughtless clamor the weapon of bigotry. Ignorance has been beaten for once. I rejoice with the thinkers of America. JOHN P. MEAKIN.

GUARD THINE ACTION.

"When you meet with one suspected
Of some secret deed of shame,
And for this by all rejected
As a thing of evil fame—
Guard thine every look and action—
Speak no heartless word of blame—
For the slanderer's vile detraction
Yet may soil thy goodly name.

"When you meet a brow that's aweing
With its wrinkled lines of gloom,
And a haughty step that's drawing
To a solitary tomb—
Guard thine action; some great sorrow
Made that man a spectre grim,
And the sunset of tomorrow
May have left thee like to him.

"When you meet with one pursuing
Paths the lost have entered in,
Working out his own undoing
With his recklessness and sin—
Think, if placed in his condition,
Would a kind word be in vain?
Or a look of cold suspicion
Win thee back to truth again?

"There are spots that bear no flowers,
Not because the soil is bad,
But that summer's gentle showers
Never made their bosoms glad;
Better have an act that's kindly
Treated sometimes with disdain,
Than by judging other blindly
Doom the innocent to pain."

Prejudice.

Prejudice is the midnight burglar of happiness in human life.

Prejudice robs us of life's sweetest perfumes. We see no flowers in the gardens of others. The mind becomes narrowed, dwarfed and cramped. Our whole life and being becomes a morass where slimy serpents cling and coil.

Prejudice is like a prison cell with walls both dense and cold. No ray of heavenly sunlight penetrates the gloom. The mind is in darkness when caged in the cell of prejudice.

When prejudice enters the mind, the light of God goes out. It obliterates the essence of divinity and makes of man a walking thing in human shape.

Prejudice causes a stagnant pool instead of a babbling brook which sings its merry song and journeys on through hill and dale, cheering as it goes, making the meadows green and turning the wheels of industry.

Prejudice causes men to become, as it were, posts rather than trees. Under its blighting influence villages and towns become museums and

curiosity shops, rather than thriving cities with life, purity and animation.

To be a man in the true sense, the mind must be clear; a pure conscience must guide our actions. The higher faculties must be in operation. Whatever issues from a source where reason is dethroned and hate rules the action, no matter how well chosen the words or how beautiful the diction, it is but as "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals" and leaves a trail of sorrow in its wake.

Every man who raves in anger at his fellows, either in speech or with pen, reflects the status of his own soul and not of the one who is the target of his hate.

Thinkers who think will have none of the stuff which emanates from a darkened soul which has been destroyed by prejudicial poison. Nothing ever comes from scattering poisonous weeds in the garden of life. A liberal man will recognize the fact that his neighbor's religion and the ceremonies combined with it are his neighbor's private property. The inner consciousness of religion is dearer and more sacred than life itself. I want you to understand that the other man's religion is mine to defend.

John Fiske said: "A man's belief is a part of the man—take it away by force and he will bleed to death."

If you have climbed to the shining heights of intellect, and if you believe you have found the bet ter way, open your arms in fraternal love and

tenderness and beckon your fellow pilgrims up into the brighter light, the purer way, instead of cutting them with the daggers of ridicule and piercing their souls with scorn. Turn the search-light upon your inner self before you call you brother a fool.

Men and women, brothers and sisters of this great country of ours, stop your clamor. Think and investigate for yourselves, then decide under the light of reasoning manhood. With good will toward all and malice toward none.

"Give me the soul to feel ashamed
If for my fault another's blamed;
Let me for justice take a stand,
In friendship clasp my neighbor's hand;
Then at the closing of life's dream
I'll gladly die."

LIFE'S MIRROR.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
  There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have
  And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow
  A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
  Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
  And honor with honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
  A smile that is just as sweet.

Give pity and sorrow to those who mourn;
  You will gather, in flowers again,
The scattered seed from your thoughts outborne,
  Though the sowing seemed but vain.

For life is the mirror of king and slave.
  'Tis just what we are and do.
Then give to the world the best you have
  And the best will come back to you.

—*Madeline S. Bridges.*

Address to Liberal Club.

TELLS THREE HUNDRED NEW YORKERS ABOUT UTAH AND THE MORMONS

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK CITY.

The following is the substance of a lecture delivered by Mr. Meakin of Utah before the Manhattan Liberal Club on Friday evening, February 23, before three hundred prominent, thinking people. Mr. Meakin was introduced by the president of the club, Edwin C. Walker, in the following well-chosen words:

"Mr. Meakin of Salt Lake will address us tonight on the subject, 'Utah and the Mormons.' Although an Englishman by birth, Mr. Meakin is essentially an American, having lived in this country since boyhood. Mr. Meakin's experience as a dramatic reader, and also as a lecturer along fraternal lines, has been most varied, taking him from San Francisco to New York.

"The belief that ultimately man will understand the true meaning of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, has led Mr. Meakin to study the social and ethical phases of American

life from coast to coast. This has eminently fitted him to give a fair and unprejudiced opinion of the unique people among whom he has lived for forty years in Salt Lake City, the capital of Utah.

"Mr. Meakin is not a member of any church. He is a fraternalist, and is a prominent worker in the West, with the Knights of Pythias, the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, the Fraternal Order of Eagles, the Woodmen of the World and the Maccabees. At the close of Mr. Meakin's discourse the subject may be discussed by the audience, allowing seven minutes for each person. Members given the preference."

LECTURE LASTED AN HOUR

The lecture was of an hour and twenty minutes' duration, and gave a lucid and unprejudiced account of Utah, past and present.

Mr. Meakin paid a glowing tribute to the brave pioneers and their work in Utah.

The doctrine of the "Mormon" church was touched but lightly. The educational status of the community at large and women in particular and the life and character of Senator Smoot were dwelt upon.

The words, "Every man's religion is mine to defend," elicited enthusiastic applause. Mr. Meakin smiled and said, "Thank you; you are the first liberals I've found; most so-called liberals being bigots."

Mr. Meakin won the hearts of the audience, and at the close was warmly applauded.

CRIES FOR SCHROEDER

When the subject was thrown open for discussion, there was no response. But Mr. A. T. Schroeder, who had repeatedly given adverse lectures and criticisms, who is also a member of the club, was present. Cries for Schroeder were raised on all sides. So Mr. Schroeder took the stand, and giving the exact date for established free public schools left the impression that there were no public schools in Utah up to that time. He also stated that the leaders of the "Mormon" church opposed education.

John G. McQuarrie, who was present and was the next speaker, stated emphatically that Mr. Schroeder's statements were false, as he had received his education in the public schools in southern Utah in a most obscure portion of the state.

A WOMAN SPEAKS

After Mr. McQuarrie's remarks, a lady's voice asked, "Are women allowed to speak?" "Yes, yes," was echoed all around, when Mrs. Ruth Eldredge Meakin walked to the front and in a somewhat frightened manner addressed the assembly. She said, in substance: "My parents are members of the Mormon church. My grand-

father, Orson Pratt, was one of the original Twelve Apostles, and I wish to correct some of the erroneous impressions created by Mr. Schroeder's remarks. I am no public speaker and have no data.

"I believe Utah, in common with other states in the far west, did not boast of free schools until a comparatively recent date, but public schools she always has had, and in the early days these I believe were held not in government buildings, but in Mormon meeting houses, freely donated for that purpose.

"I received my own education before the free system was established in Salt Lake City in public schools, in the state university, and also read in my father's home Spencer, Huxley, Darwin and other scientific writers, unhindered by my parents. So I could not refrain from correcting this misinformation."

SCHROEDER REFUTED

A gentleman who was introduced as Mr. Eugene Smith, also a member of the club, arose and said:

"We have with us tonight living testimonials to refute Mr. Schroeder. They prove that Utah boasts not only of educated people, but ladies." He said he had always wondered at Mr. Schroeder's persistent attack upon the "Mormons," as he was so liberal in other directions. "I have heard,"

Mr. Smith continued, "that he was once an attorney for the anti-Mormons at Washington. Maybe he still is, and that accounts for it."

Mr. Oppenheimer, a Socialist leader, representing the Russian Jews, came next. He could not understand why these brave pioneers had so soon forgotten their wrongs; as he understood the "Mormon" people were the only denomination that failed to assist the Jews in Russia, and this Mr. Smoot, this good Mr. Smoot, if he were such a nice, kind gentleman, so free from corruption, he was out of place in the United States Senate, but what the gentleman principally wanted to know was "what the hierarchy did with the tithing and what they did to the serfs who refused to pay tithes." "That's what I want to know."

A PERTINENT QUESTION

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, an aged gentleman, with a patriarchal appearance, also a well known writer on sociology, was the last questioner.

In a gentle, kindly voice, he asked Mr. Meakin direct: "Can you tell me why this murderous prejudice dogs the Mormons so persistently? It can't be for moral reasons, for the social evil lurks everywhere. I've traveled all over the country, here and in Europe, and I am confronted everywhere by this mysterious abuse, for it is and always has been a mystery to me why the Mormons are so villified."

Mr. Meakin had fifteen minutes to answer all questions.

"I'll begin," said he, by taking up Mr. Conway's question first. I don't know why the Mormons are so abused unless it is they are a good people. Slander is a great deal like a snowball, as it rolls it grows. Now, for instance, my friend Schroeder—God bless him—got started and can't stop.

A CARTOON

"Public opinion is a curious thing. I remember, when a boy, while playing in my father's shop in London, of seeing an American newspaper with cartoons on its pages. It struck my childish fancy and has remained with me ever since, as a powerful first impression which probably never would have been changed if I had remained in Europe. The cartoon was a leafless tree in whose branches sat an immense baboon with a human face, its long claw-like fingers reaching for a huge single nut. On this nut was printed 'The White House.' Underneath, 'Will he get it?'

"I asked my father whose face that was? He replied, 'That's Abe Lincoln; he's trying to become president of the United States.'

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it was 'our' Abraham Lincoln, yours and mine and everybody's.

"Robert G. Ingersoll said: 'Abraham Lincoln

was the greatest mind of our country, during the fiercest civil war, and now 'our' gentlest memory."

"I will now answer Mr. Oppenheimer. I am not sure as to whether Utah has helped the relief fund for Russia. I do know the 'Mormons' take care of their own poor. Tithing is at no time compulsory and I suppose is used for church purposes in the same way as the funds derived from pewholders and contribution plates are used in other churches; as a matter of fact that's their business, and were it not impertinent I would quote the story of Timpkins and Simpkins. Timpkins met Simpkins and said: 'Simpkins, what makes your nose so red?' 'It glows with pride, sir! it glows with pride, at not poking itself into other people's business.'"

Mr. Meakin briefly reviewed a natural condition where there were no other people in Utah than "Mormons."

The rise of another party, after the influx of "outsiders," and many bitter battles were fought —"Mormon" and non-"Mormon."

I myself voted the Liberal ticket as the anti-"Mormon" party was then known. In 1890 the Liberal party won, and Mr. Schroeder knows how it was done.

The fight was ended. Utah now divided on the lines of the two great national parties, Republican and Democratic. I for one was glad of it, and I

know of no reason to be otherwise now. I never believe in striking a man when he's down.

"Let the dead past bury its dead,
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'er head."

R. E.

Portrayal of Poverty-stricken Conditions Which Drive Men to Thievery and Crime.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 16.

It has been some time since I wrote a letter to the readers of the *News* and now, as I am westward bound and turning my back on the great eastern cities I thought a few impressions and thoughts gained by experience and investigation in actual life for over two years, might be of interest. My every hour has been occupied mainly in defending the people of my state and telling the easterners the beauties of our mountain home, our resources, our advantages for home and business. It gives one a commingling of peculiar thoughts on human life to see it as I have seen it lived in the east. I have read the splendid editorials in the *News,* "On Peace and War," "The Criminal Wave," "Tillman's Speech," and many other articles bearing on the question of "peace on earth," and of turning swords into pruning hooks, etc.

I have sat in Mr. Carnegie's peace congress

and listened to the aristocratic orators of the day as to the fruit of the tree being bettered by pruning the top branches or buzzing around the roots. Perhaps it can be done; I hope so. But a child is not a man until developed.

I am still an optimist, but my opinion has been a little shaken. Many people do not wish to see or hear anything that jars the equilibrium of their pleasure. In my estimation it is well to be alive, to keep an eye open and a listening ear to the noises and rumblings of horror all about us.

THE SINKING SHIP

Many people are like the selfish fellow who sat on the upper deck of a ship smoking a cigar and when his brother came running to him in anguish from the lower hold, exclaiming, "Isaac, Isaac, the machinery of the steamer is broken, the ship is sinking, sinking," answered carelessly, after another puff at his cigar. 'Vell, let it sink. It don't belong to us." I want to say that the machinery of our life boat is out of order, and I want to exclaim that the ship does belong to us, as one great brotherhood, and each of us—man or woman should do our part towards righting it.

THESE ARE ACTUAL CONDITIONS

I am not writing on the slums of our great cities, but on the conditions that exist in the very heart of our every-day life. Reason has given me

the light to see many sad and many pathetic pictures pertaining to this physical existence. I confess the pathetic side is uppermost in my mind today for I have heard the groans of the starving and the wails of the outcast and unfortunate.

No man can be truly happy while surrounded by scenes of horror, suffering and poverty, and I feel as the poet felt when he said: "If the spirits in heaven can see the ruin and wretchedness here below," they, too, are unhappy.

I have gazed at the grandeur and at the awfulness of our present day civilization and have asked what is it all about? I have reached one conclusion, namely, that the present status is at a very low ebb and that it stands for a Golden God and for concealment, rather than for humane achievement. Not wrong doing, but being found out, people shun, and this it is that causes pain, and is destroying human life and with those who inflict the punishment there seems to be no higher purpose than getting the dollar.

I do not wish to take a part for the whole for I fully realize that all across the ages had it not been for the few the ship would have sunk long ago.

POVERTY IS APPALLING

The poverty and inequality in the East is appalling, and honesty is not a recommend. Thousands of people are pleading for work, and hundreds won't work at all. At given times, at night,

thousands stand in line waiting for a cup of coffee and a biscuit. The employer is a monarch, the toiler a pleader, a suppliant, waiting for a crust from a master's table; humble, very humble.

In Philadelphia they have a society known as the Sunday Breakfast association. Here can be seen from twelve hundred to two thousand men and women in line, fighting for their place to get a cup of coffee and a little food with a side dish of religion thrown in. They are of all nationalities; all types, but with manhood and womanhood seemingly gone; beggars, receiving alms from their fellows, with no thought of helping themselves, nor with anyone to point the way. There seems to be barely a teacher of a nobler manhood in the field, no leader and nobody cares, and thus humanity drifts like a helmless vessel.

WORKED TO DEATH

Those who work are overworked, worked to death, and in the main they work just for their board. When misfortune overtakes them they are simply outcasts and fall into the wretched line for coffee and bread.

Many of our well-known writers continually write and urge "the poor devils" to work, work, work! "and she sang the song of the shirt." "Don't look at the clock for quitting time, but work, work, work." And so the toiler toils and the master rides and smiles. The writers travel and are

healthy and happy, but the curse of intense anxiety is plainly visible on the impoverished faces of the toilers.

NICKEL AND PENNY BASIS

There is a class of people after the dollar!—business, and money mad, but the majority are petty creatures after the nickel and the penny. Every phase of life is figured from a penny basis up to the nickel. There is no confidence between man and man; life is cold and harsh. "Trust no one" is the motto. The installment man says in glaring ads, "Your credit is good," but it's a lie. That is simply a bait to allure the poor toilers into the snares of debt. Dishonesty stalks throughout the land and men have lost their honor and their reason. In New York City every door mat is chained to its place for safe keeping. Nothing is safe beyond the care of a watchful eye. Placards are hung in all the restaurants, "Watch your overcoat and hat; many have been stolen," and even then the thief gets 'em. The genius of another class is taxed to invent locks and racks for coats and hats. Thievery seems to permeate the air. People in street cars are held up in the busiest parts of the city.

The street railway company has hung in every car a warning to passengers that no transfer will be given unless asked for the moment the fare is paid.

I saw on a Thirty-fourth street car an old lady pay her fare to the uniformed "machine man," but the old soul was hardly quick enough to ask for her transfer, so he passed on collecting. As he returned to the rear of the car the lady made bold enough to ask for her transfer, on to Eighth Avenue. In a brutal voice and with a more brutal look he refused the dear old woman.

The old lady was not quite dead. She probably had not attended "Carnegie's peace congress," and she fought back a little, but it didn't do any good. As she left the car, she again asked and was once more refused. The brave old soul, as she stepped down, looked the fellow in the face, and said, "You ought to be shot." Others in the car had similar thoughts, and thus the spirit of murder was engendered and all on account of a nickel. Another evidence of a nickel and penny civilization is that of a large display card in the street cars, giving a deathly warning. All it needs to make it complete is the skull and cross-bones, telling the calamity which will befall the patron who dare by kindness or otherwise to give away a transfer. And this, mind you, *after having paid for it.* And yet we listen to eloquent sermons on the wonders of our "penny" civilization.

BIG AND LITTLE THIEVES

There are big and proud thieves and there are little thieves. I think the meanest of them all, the

most measly, is the one who is known as the hall thief. These are a class who skulk about "with cat-like tread," slip into rooming houses, unnoticed, sometimes rent a room, size up the situation and study the customs and habits of the occupants. They are very proud of their skill, but still they do not wish to be found out, for, of course, it would cause them some trouble. These fellows seem to be entirely conscienceless.

A Utah woman, trained in honesty, not cunning enough to cope with human snakes, left her room for another part of the house for about fifteen minutes. As she returned from upstairs, she noticed the lights in the hall and in their room were out. Her intelligence suggested the present status of honesty. She thought of her pocketbook and went to the place where she had left it, but it was gone, with every cent of money she had in the world. This occurred at eleven o'clock, at the close of a Sabbath day. I could tell of many such instances of awful depravity.

The spirit of graft and dishonesty permeates the air and is destroying the joy of this otherwise beautiful life and making of it one of misery and despair.

The living, or success of today in the physical world means the survival of the cunning. It should not be so, nor need it be so, if we only would be true to ourselves and live up to our highest ideals.

Before we can have peace on earth we must

have a peace-living and a peace-loving people. They must be honest and true to their inner and better selves; a government of the people cannot be much ahead of the people. However, I believe that men are really better than they act. The inner soul, the real man, needs to be developed to control the life; this is the only secret of success.

Poverty is the curse of the world; it is detrimental to the growth of all that is noble and true; the better qualities are crushed out of the living, and low selfishness rules the life.

People should not be taught to shout and foam on religion and politics. They should be taught to stand, think, and meditate. To work should not be classed or looked upon as low or dishonorable. The woman who works and earns her living is just as good as the woman who never works and eats.

The man who toils and digs is just as good as the man who adds figures and scratches with a pen. If not, the disgrace is not in the digging.

Schools should be established in every town and city, teaching the philosophy and principle of a true, honest, real manhood, how to live and act on earth.

PERFECTION

The germ or soul of perfection is in every human being as the perfect or symmetical oak

tree is in the acorn—it lacks the light, proper environment—that's all. All grades of men and women need to be developed, taught, educated in soul, mind and heart. In physical life the masses should be urged to keep away from the large cities —to live in the fields—to go back to Eden, till the soil—be natural. Get close to nature.

People must learn to keep their hearts clean and their hands will keep themselves. To educate the head and not the heart makes of man a refined savage.

We can never have peace on earth until we recognize one brotherhood. This brotherhood cannot be achieved until the race has a universal education; each individual developed and aiming for his highest ideal.

In the words of Tennyson:

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

"Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!"

The cry continually goes up that God is love, but man has to prove it by his course of living. No practical demonstration of the idea that God is love can be found in a land of "savages," un-

less, perhaps, we behold the love in nature, outside of man and exclaim, with Dr. Watts: "Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

To be optimistic does not mean that we shall close our eyes to the wrongs about us. Today man, in general, is simply an educated machine, without a tender humane heart or a soul guiding conscience. In proof of this look about you and think; see the cruelty continually practiced by man on man. Listen to the cries of white faced, half starved children in hovel, street and factory. See the depravity and dishonesty everywhere. Confidence in man, by man, is dying and men's promises are like broken reeds. Men are scarce whose word "is their bond." The trend of life seems to be to make men honest by machinery, registers, etc. It cannot be done.

Millions are starving in a land where nature herself is lavish with her many bounties, surely we lack sense and judgment.

The horrors and the sorrows of the present age can only be even partially comprehended by people who think and have eyes to see and ears to hear.

Humanity is deformed by the demons of ignorance and low selfishness. Egotism, graft, drunkenness and debauchery permeate nearly every phase of life.

Murders, suicides, revenge and death are the results, to a very great extent, of existing conditions.

Cultivate a pure soul conscience, it will cheer and guide you through all the vicissitudes and give you a broader vision of life and its duties.

It is for us to make a better world by developing reason and kindness. We must have a race of real men before we can realize peace on earth among men and nations.

"Noble is he whose moral strength
Beats down the walls of wrong,
Whose honest manhood uplifts man,
Whose life is like a song.

"The brave and steadfast conqueror
Of appetite and sin,
He flings hope's stately portals wide
And bids the lost come in."

IT IS COMING

By J. A. Edgerton

How bright, how sweet this world would be
If men could live for others!
How sweet, how bright, how full of light
This life, if justice, truth and right
Were once enthroned; if men were free;
If men would all be brothers!

And is this nothing but a dream?
Must wrong go on forever?
Must poverty forever be?
And selfish greed and tyranny?
Must hate and strife be still supreme
And love and peace come never?

No. I will not believe it. No.
God still reigns somewhere, brother.
Somewhere, sometime, the race will climb
Above its selfishness and crime;
Will gentler, nobler, happier grow;
And men will love each other.

The morn is rising soft and bright.
The way grows light before us.
Cheer, brother, cheer, through doubt, through fear,
The world grows better, year by year;
And fast and bright a day of light
Will spread its white wings o'er us.

Boston.

New York.

A flood of thoughts rushed through the brain while visiting historic Boston. Boston is both unique and majestic. The old part of town is just as the first calf laid out its streets by winding round and round. Some of the lanes, called streets, are so crooked that one can meet himself coming around the corner. I said to a friend, my guide: "Is it safe for us to go down this alley?" If I hadn't been from the West, my escort would never have forgiven me for such a question. He assured me that it was not an alley, but to the contrary, it was one of Boston's prominent streets. In the heart of the business part of the town stands the old state house, suggestive of the early struggles for liberty. On the front of the building is the old English emblem, the lion and the unicorn, the atmosphere all around is quite "English, you know." I stood in the room, on the spot, against the old historic window, where the Declaration of Independence was read to the populace for the first time. In after years, in his old age, John Adams, pointing to the spot,

said: "Then and there the child of Independence was born." In the same room John Hancock was inaugurated governor of Massachusetts. Old churches, old buildings antedating the revolution, are yet in good state of preservation—mile stones of "Ye Olden Times," pointing the way, though the way be changed. Old scenes, old songs, old relics linger and make Boston one of the charming spots of the world.

The people are dignified, cultured, but too close together to be neighborly, and if one wants to hear a human voice, though he may be in crowds, he has to talk to himself. It isn't in good taste, "you know," to speak to a stranger—not even to say "Good morning."

AGAINST THE RULES

Our friend, J. U. Eldredge, Jr., was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to stay over Sunday in Boston. There he sat in solemn silence from nine o'clock Sunday morning until eleven o'clock Monday. Report says that, getting desperate, he asked a colored man, just for company, to take "something" with him, but the colored man said: "It is against the rules of the house to drink with strangers, sah!" And the only way to get the waiter to take "something" was to "tip" him, and "Jodie" was still left alone.

The traffic in the narrow streets is one continuous jam, and if not for the police force the

wheels would stop and human life would be more than in danger. Standing on every corner is a big, kindly-hearted policeman, seemingly never tiring in his arduous task of answering questions and protecting life and limb. I talked with one of these big fellows. His name was G. W. Rae, who has been on the force many years. I found him one of God's noblemen. He said the street work was very tiring on one's nerves, but long experience made it now comparatively easy. If the accidents averted or lives saved were recorded it would make a very interesting book. These men are encyclopedias of information, and they give it with a graciousness which makes a stranger feel after all that fraternal love does still exist,though it is hidden behind the clouds of caste and etiquette. Boston's policemen, though it is their business, make one feel as though the world is growing kindlier.

AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Accompanied by Rev. W. H. Fish, Jr., late minister of the Unitarian Society in Salt Lake, I visited Harvard University—the oldest, the largest, and the wealthiest institutions of learning in the United States. Mr. Fish spent seven years within its walls, and graduated a scholar and always a gentleman. In this great university, including the summer schools, there are five thousand students. We first entered the library, and

who should be the first to greet us but Prof. George M. Marshall of the University of Utah; hand-clasps and hearty words of welcome were in order; books and studies were cast aside and for three hours we tramped and "did" Harvard University thoroughly. Every building is a source of thought and admiration. Many of America's greatest sons were developed in this cradle of learning. My life is not filled up with many regrets, but while visiting this grand institution I wished that I could retrace the steps of age twenty-five years, and if so, I would graduate from Harvard, if I had to carry a "shine-box" to make a living while going through. I have thought many times, if I could only open the eyes of thoughtless boys to the possibilities within their grasp, they would then throw away the cigarette, the drink, the dissipation of all kinds and get out onto the highway of "onward and upward," so that in after years their foot prints would be indelibly imprinted on the sands of time, telling to those who come after them, "This is the way, out of darkness into light; out of ignorance into intellectuality; out of animal life into a spiritual life."

ENTRANCE TO UNIVERSITY

On a tablet to the right of the main entrance is the following inscription, spelled in the old-

fashioned way, with the letter "U" made like a "V":

"After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after, was to advanced learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust, New England's first fruits."

SALOONS UNKNOWN

If time would permit I should like to give a description of each building, with its various departments and contents. There are over seventy buildings or halls in the University; many of them are over one hundred years old. Here and there are tablets telling the visitor that such men as General Washington, General Putnam, Steven Page (the first printer), and other historic names lived here. Harvard, of course, is at Cambridge, but the two cities are joined by a bridge, hence one doesn't realize that he is out of Boston. Cambridge, however, is Cambridge! Harvard being its main feature. There are no saloons, no gambling houses, nor hotels in Cambridge; and in going about one feels as though he is in the atmosphere of learning and of goodness. We wan-

dered and enjoyed the living influence of our forefathers, under the academic shade of the old elm trees.

We visited the beautiful old home where Longfellow lived and wrote—where from his heart and brain were launched the grand and beautiful thoughts which have blessed and cheered humanity.

The city is very picturesque and an historical halo seems to pervade the air. One of its main beauties is its trees. No vandalism is allowed, either by the people or the engineers. Every tree is protected! Here stands a giant tree in the middle of the street; and here stands another right square in the middle of the sidewalk, and every man, woman and child in Cambridge protects and says "Spare the tree, touch not a single bough!" The stupid men of Salt Lake City who ordered or allowed, or did the cutting down of its trees, would not last fifteen minutes in Cambridge.

A MUSICAL TREAT

After leaving dear old Harvard another treat was in store for me. Mr. Fish escorted me to the grand concert in Symphony Hall, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Here I listened to the greatest orchestra and the most sublime music given by nearly a hundred of the world's greatest musicians. The program was the Fantastic Symphony, No. 1, in C Major, Op. 16 A, by Hec-

tor Berlioz. I assure my friends of Utah that this was the musical treat of my life. The concert was given on Friday afternoon, every seat was occupied, and not one of the three to four thousand people made a move to go out or to disturb the beauty and harmony of the occasion. Boston is the "Hub" of musical learning and development of the human mind.

For two days I was the guest of Mrs. George S. Cheney and her daughter and son, Mrs. and Mr. Almon J. Fairbanks, all cultured and musical people, Mr. Fairbanks being one of the prominent organists of Boston. In this beautiful home, for two evenings to a number of invited guests, I gave the story of "Utah and the Mormons." My efforts to remove the silly prejudices which exist in the minds of the people were thoroughly appreciated. The people everywhere are interested in Utah, and after breaking through the walls of prejudice and once getting a hearing, they are delighted with the truth, and say "Amen!"

I am in New York at this writing. I had the pleasure on Sunday evening of paying a visit to New York Lodge No. 1, Benevolent Protective Order of Elks. I was received most kindly by one of the best and brainiest bodies of men I have ever met with. Of course they called on the "man from Utah" and I had every indication by applause and hand-clasps that I had, in theatrical parlance, "made good." The meeting was

one long to be remembered by me, and all the Elks sent greetings to Salt Lake Lodge No. 85 of Salt Lake City. After the meeting proper, a banquet was served in my honor, and again we dwelt in the realm of joviality, and Utah was voted to be "all right."

I shall be here another day, then wend my way to the West, stopping in Chicago a few days, then on to Denver. I have several invitations to go to other Eastern cities, but cannot do so now.

AT THE SMOOT INVESTIGATION

I was at Washington one week and spent most of the time in the Committee Room, listening to the investigation of the "Mormon" church, under the title of "Smoot Inquiry." During the weary hours, I thought that if William Shakespeare were only living and should by chance have dropped in, what food for thought he would have found, splendid material for a new comedy, under an old title, "Much Ado About Nothing." A smile would involuntarily come, to see these great heads puzzling their migthy brains as to what God would do and what people would do, supposing this and supposing that; prying into sacred family relationships, and by technicalities making criminals of men and women who are faithful and honorable, whose lives are records of integrity—men who have been true to their religious and moral obligations, entered into years ago

when no law existed against polygamy or when, at least, the government permitted it, by ignoring it. I stood in the halls where Hamilton, Lincoln, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Blaine, Garfield, McKinley and many others lived and philosophized. Then I looked and listened to our great(?) men confound the world by wise laws, etc., in a seeming attempt to break a natural law, which is in itself next to an impossibility, and surely they knew it. They seem to think that a man who has lived with a plural wife for many years, who has borne children to him, can and ought to be cast aside as so much trash, simply to be fed like an ox. These men seem to think that a man may be a husband and yet not be a husband. "Ye gods! what fools these mortals me."

WOULD YOU?

Lawyers seemed indignant because people who have gone through the Endowment House refuse to divulge the ceremonies they obligated themselves to keep sacred to themselves, whose lives have proven through the years that have past that nothing ever was given to them or created by them which was detrimental to the laws and government of our nation. I was at a fraternal, or secret society, meeting a few nights ago and the poor "Mormons," of course, were getting badly abused. Every witness who had refused to break his obligation before the commit-

tee was being censured. "They were all bad men," because they would not be Judas Iscariots. During the conversation I asked the question in emphatic terms, "Would you?" and the boot had been switched to the other leg. Public clamor seems to have made nearly all the people forget the golden rule.

The underlying principle of all the so-called secret or fraternal societies is not to divulge that which you may see or hear, and in my estimation a thoroughbred will never break his oath.

The difference, as I see it, between the "Mormon" church and its obligations and the secret society obligations is; namely, the one embraces morals, purity, and religion, and they call it religion; the latter teach purity, morality and honor but do not call it religion. There is not a Knight of Pythias, a Mason, an Elk, an Odd Fellow, or an Eagle anywhere who would give one so-called secret away, if his refusal meant death, and every man who violates his oath taken in the Endowment House, or a fraternal society—his oath is not worth taking—he would betray his Christ!

The favorite remark by many people I meet who are ignorant as to the "Mormon" side of the story, or the life of the "Mormons," is, "They —the Mormons—ought to be swept off the face of the earth because of their impurity!" and while they are saying this I have every reason to believe they look too high over mountains and

plains and miss the things close by, or else they are deaf and blind. Again, they surely forget the Master's teachings, when he said, "Go thou and sin no more." Wherever I go I find many adherents to "churchianity," but not so many to "Christianity." It is observed by many that through all this investigation, not one word of fault has been found in the life and character of Senator Reed Smoot. He has borne all this abuse and villification without a murmur. Let me ask, which is nearest the Master, the abuser or the abused?

BRADY NO INFORMER

That was a beautiful word picture with a dark background given by Mr. J. H. Brady, of Idaho, before the committee. He spoke of the old gray-haired man and woman in the twilight of life living in polygamy. He told of the old man with his gray locks and sitting beside him his good old wife, both "waiting for the shadows to be a little longer grown," reading their Bible or singing "Rock of Ages" in voices soft and low."

Stealthily, an enemy (a reformer?) crawls through the front gate, and like a snake creeping on his belly under bushes and trees, up to the window, the curtain being a little drawn aside—through this opening he sees the old couple, ah! it was a plural wife. In the shadow he makes a note of date, hour, and minute, etc., then stealth-

ily he slinks away into the darkness and informs on the old man. "Some may do that work," said Brady, but I won't!"

THE UNDER DOG

By David Barker

I know that the world—that the great big world—
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me, and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or I am right,
I shall always go in for the weaker dog—
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the right,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me—I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right—
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance what I've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I had said it "incog,"
But with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here's luck to the bottom dog.

Mrs. Weed's View of "Mormonism."

NEW YORK.

In my letter of this week I had purposed writing of various interesting phases of my travels. These, however, have been crowded out of my mind, through having attended a lecture given by Mrs. Martha C. Weed, at the Bedford Heights Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. As usual, these ladies, through the medium of Mrs. Weed, made a vigorous attack upon Senator Reed Smoot in particular and the "Mormon" church in general.

Mrs. Weed made no claim against Reed Smoot beyond saying he was a "Mormon." She began her attack as follows:

"We have in the capital of our nation a representative of the Mormon Church. He holds an honored seat, a position second only in influence to that of the president of the United States. This has a significance. It means that the organization of the Latter-day Saints is powerful, that there are some men who love money better than they do their country; that there are purchased consciences."

In thinking of the integrity of Utah's senator and also of the corrupt methods rife within our

country, where bribe-taking, election frauds, fad and fancy frauds, insurance frauds and various other kinds of frauds do not prevent men from holding high political position, and meting out justice from the bench, I could scarcely refrain from shouting, "By all means question the religion and the morals of America's senators, that we may always have men for law-makers who are not law-breakers."

Mrs. Weed's entire evening was devoted to stories of the "Mormons" forty years ago, and all of the authentic quotations from church publications were excerpts from discourses and prayers given in public. Any thinking person understands that extemporaneous speakers often say things best left unsaid. The creeds of all the churches in Christendom, judged by this standard, could be attacked. Moreover, one paragraph from any speech or work can be made to mean anything—"the devil can quote scripture for his own purpose."

In proof that Brigham Young ruled his people with an iron rod, Mrs. Weed told the wonderful "green gate story" and also brought out two new schemes of villifying the "Mormons," viz: child wives and a singular method of punishing delinquents.

In addition to the oft-told tales about the "Mormons," Mrs. Weed sprang some new ones. To quote:

"Latter-day Saints must obey every command of the priests. If disobedient either a physical death or a damning of the soul will be the punishment."

I knew they were called serfs and slaves, but I did not know that they could choose their own medicine—killed and be saved or live and be damned.

It seems, now, since I heard Mrs. Weed, that the "Mormons" surely are between the devil and the deep sea.

The audience seemed to believe the stories and opened their eyes and mouths for more.

Another innovation stolen from the far East:

"The mortality among child mothers is evinced by the cemeteries of Utah."

This horrible jest needs no comment among the readers of the *News*, who could instruct Mrs. Weed, should she lecture again, upon the broad educational and political rights of the women of Utah. Sad, if it were not so silly, was her statement, that a wife (of course a polygamous one) had no secrecy, and shared one room with many others.

Here's another flower plucked from a garden of Weeds. American women can think as well as cook. O ladies of Mormonism, your cooking was not impeached, but your thinking capacity, O my, nothing to it. Mrs. Weed informed us that when people are earnest something always

happens. I dread to think what may come to you good women of Utah should Mrs. Weed open a school for the development of thought power amongst the "ignorant" womanhood of Utah.

It is said that all speakers and writers express some good thoughts. Mrs. Weed proved this rule. She said:

"As soon as legislators realize the wants of the people there will be laws regarding polygamy. In church we weep over the harems of the far east, but I would ask you to assist in securing legislation to abolish the harems in our own country."

Of course she meant New York or perhaps Chicago, or even Washington, D. C.

There was the usual hue and cry of divine authority being dearer to the "Mormons" than governmental law, ending up with an appeal for the Saints of the east to crush the saints of the west and escheat their property for the glory of God.

The lady erred again. She should have said, "for the glory of politicians."

At the close of the lecture, a dear, good old lady with a firm step and standing very erect and combined with this attitude a deep manly voice, complimented the audience and the lecturer, and after an appeal for the audience to now fill the passing hat as full as their heads had been filled, she called for volunteers, three very intelligent men were needed to frame strong telegrams to be sent to the senators of the state to urge the oust-

ing of Reed Smoot from the United States Senate.

Thomas C. Platt and Chauncey Depew were the ideals appealed to, to purify the American Home. It is to laugh, Eh?

At the conclusion of a report of Mrs. Weed's lecture given in the Brooklyn Citizen, it said:

"In the large audience were six persons who held a little aftermeeting in front of the church. They held up the male members of the congregation and tried to impress upon them that Mormonism was all right."

Your humble servant was that six and the reporter was the male members. The funny part of it was, what he heard from the "six" was the only bit of truth he gleaned about Utah, the whole of the evening.

New York as Seen from a Yacht.

New York City.

I extend greetings to all my Utah friends.

I left you last in Cleveland. I am now in New York, where so much is to be heard and seen that to describe greater New York, comprising the boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, Bronx and Richmond, would be no easy task, for each borough is a city in itself as New York is a world in itself, whose inhabitants consider it the center of existence.

Its most interesting feature lies not in its great size, but rather in its wonderful enterprises, to describe which would need all the superlatives of our language, for in area it is the largest city in the world and in population next to the largest.

Its boroughs are joined together by the greatest of suspension bridges and traversed through their length and breadth by the most complete and expensive street car systems comprising cable and electric cars, subways and elevated. So in arriving at his destination one can ride under the city, over the city and above the city, but he has to hustle to get a seat. Now to continue our superlatives, Broadway is the longest street in the world.

New York's parks are the largest and costliest in the world, and its business districts contain the most gigantic office buildings, whose foundations are sunk deeper toward the center of the earth and whose summits tower higher toward the heavens than those of any other city.

The largest steamships harbor in New York. Here also are found the most luxurious and magnificent residential palaces and the poorest and most pitiful hovels. One can say truly, that like the upper and lower crust of a pie the meat lies between. For in no place that I have ever visited is one so struck with the truth that America's hope for the future lies in her middle classes.

New York can hardly be called an American city in its strictest sense—it is so cosmopolitan in its character. It is roughly estimated that 85 per cent of the inhabitants are foreign, there being six hundred thousand Hebrews, a greater Jewish population than that to be found in all Palestine. There are more Irish in New York than in Dublin, more Germans than in any city, excepting Berlin, more Italians than in Florence and Rome combined. The Jews and the Irish are more patriotic toward their adopted country than are their brothers, who for the most part come to America to make their fortunes, after which they expect to return to their native land.

The entire population of New York, according to the census of 1900, had reached 3,500,000.

"NEW YORK FROM A YACHT."

Possibly the best impression of New York, as a whole, can be given by your taking an imaginary sail with me on the tourist yacht, which makes an entire circle of Manhattan Island. This island has thirty-six miles of water front.

We start from West Twenty-Second Street pier, sailing through the North river past the piers of the big ocean liners, with their background of sky scrapers, proceeding almost due south, until we reach the Battery. Battery Park forms the extreme southern terminus of Manhattan Island and affords an admirable view of New York harbor.

The emigrants are landed at the Battery after they leave Ellis Island. On the right, across the North river, stretches Jersey City; in the middle, about five miles away, is to be seen the beautiful wooded slope of Staten Island.

We have now reached the point where the North and East rivers join their currents. Sailing on we pass, at Battery park, a large circular building, now an aquarium, which was formerly a fort, built in defense of the city in 1812. In 1822 Congress ceded it to the city and it became a place of amusement, known as Castle Garden. Here in turn were entertained Lafayette, on his return to America, Presidents Jackson, Tyler, and Van Buren and the Prince of Wales, now King Edward of England.

Here, in 1835, S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, publicly demonstrated the practicability of controlling the electric current.

In 1850 Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, made her American debut here, under the management of P. T. Barnum. She gave half of the profits of her first concert, $12,500, to the charities of New York.

Five years later Castle Garden became an emigrant bureau. One can imagine the millions who poured in through her gates to America. In 1896 the building became an aquarium.

We must continue on our journey. Near at hand on the left is Governor's Island.

It is now six o'clock. We see the flash of the sunset gun from its fort. Immediately following its echo is the lighting up of Liberty's torch. This majestic lady, Madam Liberty, is a very conspicuous object, one and a fourth miles from the Battery, on Bedloe's Island. She was presented to America by the French people as an expression of good will. Her sculptor, Bartholdi, was so impressed with the eagerness of the emigrants for a sight of land, as they crowded to the bow of an incoming ship, that he conceived this small island at the entrance of the harbor as the ideal spot to place the figure, even while his work was still in embryo. So here the Goddess of Liberty stands at the threshold of the new world with uplifted torch lighting the way to freedom and op-

portunity. The statue is admired for its perfect proportions, which are colossal. The torch is 305 feet in air, the figure is 150 feet high, the uplifted arm is 42 feet. The model is supposed to have been the sculptor's mother, and the statue is justly admired for the calm benevolence of its countenance.

At the extreme left, across the east river, is Brooklyn, with its gigantic warehouses, immense navy yard, and many church steeples.

There is no place in the world where one can behold such an ever-changing and diversified marine picture. Yonder are anchored several warships; here the smartly rigged yachts of the Goulds,Vanderbilts and Morgans lie at rest, waiting for their owners' whims, to come aboard; there the heavy, grotesque floats, filled with laborers, moving slowly by; here and there are noisy, important little tug-boats steaming on their way, gliding in between the excursion boats, picnic barges and floating hospitals are seen at intervals, gay with color, and bright with music, laughter and song. Just above the horizon comes a gigantic ocean liner, moving majestically toward Ellis Island. As we pass under that wonderful monument to mechanical skill, the Brooklyn bridge, we are leaving the most wonderful harbor the sun ever shone upon.

Sailing along the East river we see the opposing shores of Manhattan, Brooklyn, blazoned with immense signs, advertising various indus-

tries, while dotted in between are the large recreation piers for the children of the poor.

In sharp contrast one sees the toiling laborers on the shore and the laughing, frolicking bathers in the water below, their glistening white bodies outlined against the gray rocks as they appear and disappear beneath the surface.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

Sailing on through the East river we pass under many bridges under construction out through the narrows to about East Forty-ninth street. Here we first obtain a view of the famous Blackwell's Island.

This place lies directly east of Manhattan Island, and extends as far as Eighty-fifth Street. It can be reached from the mainland by a row-boat. The island is occupied by Government buildings, and contains a reform school, a prison, an inebriates' home, a hospital for consumptives and an insane asylum.

We have now entered the Harlem river, which is seven miles in length and separates Manhattan Island from the mainland. It connects the East river and the Hudson river and Long Island Sound.

By cutting through a small canal at the north end of Manhattan an easy ship approach has been made without going through the dangerous waters of Hell Gate.

New York at this point presents the appearance of a dense sloping wood, dotted with magnificent structures of stone. The most historic of these is Jumel Mansion, on Manhattan Island. It stands on the crest of Washington Heights, One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street. It was built in 1758, by Rodger Morris, the husband of Mary Phillips, who refused the hand of George Washington. During the revolution Morris espoused the English side, and was compelled to flee to Great Britain. The property was confiscated and was occupied by Washington in 1776, during the retreat of Americans from New York.

Nathan Hale was sent from this point on the mission which ended in his death. In 1790 George Washington, now the president, with his cabinet, was entertained here.

In 1810 John Jacob Astor acquired the property, and sold it to a wealthy Frenchman, Stephen Jumel. After her husband's death, Madam Jumel, in 1832, married the famous Aaron Burr. She soon secured a divorce, became a recluse and lived so, for thirty years, dying in one of the rooms of the house in 1865. It was acquired by the city of New York in 1892, and is now a hall of relics. Among these are still preserved thirteen ears of corn which Washington tied together, saying as he did so, "As the ears of corn would grow and multiply under cultivation so the thirteen colonies would increase and become great under a good government."

At One Hundred and Seventy-fifth street is the famous High Bridge, which carries across the Harlem the original Croton aqueducts. There are two of these. The larger one reaches a depth of 350 feet. It goes under the Harlem 307 feet, through solid rock, under the bed of the river. It rises 400 feet in a perpendicular shaft, between High Bridge and Washington Bridge. It extends from Croton lake to One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street, a distance of thirty miles, and has a capacity of 290,000,000 gallons in 24 hours, and supplies Manhattan Island with drinking water.

It is the longest tunnel in the world; took five years to build at a cost of $20,000,000.

THE HALL OF FAME

Over on the Brooklyn side, at University Heights, we catch a glimpse of the Hall of Fame for great Americans. It is enclosed in the campus of the New York University, and was a gift to this institution by Miss Helen Gould. Its cost was $250,000. This building is of granite, its walls contain 150 panels, in which will be set bronze tablets for the names of 150 great Americans. The only persons eligible must be American born, and must be deceased at least ten years. Twenty-nine names were chosen in 1900 and in 1902 there were twenty-one others; five will be

added every five years until the one hundred and fifty names are complete.

With each name inscribed is a quotation from the speeches or writings of the individual. Among the names already chosen are: Statesmen and soldiers, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, John Adams, Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Grant, Farragut and Robert E. Lee.

Scientists—Audubon, Fulton, Morse, Whitney and Gray.

Teachers and Preachers, Edwards, Mann, Channing and Beecher.

Authors, Irving, Emerson and Longfellow.

Philanthropists—Gilbert S. Stewart, George Peabody, and Peter Cooper.

Singularly enough, in view of the gift of the fair donor, her father, Jay Gould, was disapproved by the committee for enrollment, which is made up of one hundred members, comprising the most brilliant men of New York, their selection finally to be approved by the New York University senate.

These places which I have described are well worth a visit, of from one to six hours each.

ON THE HUDSON

Passing around in a northwesterly direction into a small canal, a drawbridge is opened and we sail into the majestic waters of the Hudson. At this point the evidences of civilization are hid-

den by the dense shrubbery. We see only the broad expanse of water, the closely wooded hillsides and the blue arch of the sky. We do not have to stretch the imagination much amidst all this silent beauty, to go back a few hundred years and in fancy sail with Hendrick Hudson and his crew; but soon our reverie is broken by a view of Fort George, the once famous military stronghold, now a pleasure resort similar to Coney Island.

Fort George lies at the extreme northern terminus of Manhattan and is midway between the upper eastern driveway of the Island, known as the speedway and Riverside drive on the Hudson. These two driveways make the entire circle of the upper half of Manhattan, forming one of the finest race courses in the world, shaded all along the river front by a beautiful park.

We are now in the waters of the Hudson. To the east lies Jersey Heights and the palisades, with its Fort Lee and many other historical points. To our west lies Manhattan Island, fronted by the magnificent summer palaces of the rich with their adjacent parks and grounds.

I will mention some of the most interesting of these.

First, the home of C. K. G. Billings, the Chicago millionaire, sometimes called "Coal Koke Billings." Then the former home of Boss Tweed, the first political boodler who was incarcerated for dishonesty in handling public funds. The

closing years of his life were passed in a larger house than this on the Hudson, Sing Sing, where he occupied a small cell.

Adjoining the politician's mansion stands the home of Aaron Burr, while further down lies the quaint old colonial residence formerly occupied by Alexander Hamilton. Directly opposite from the Forty-second street ferry, on the Jersey coast, is the spot where that memorable duel was fought between these two historic personages. Much has been said about the fame or infamy of Aaron Burr. A most interesting view of his life can be found in the novel entitled, "The Blenner Hassett."

GRANT MONUMENT.

Just above Grant's tomb lies the American League baseball grounds, near which the great Columbia University rears her splendid domes against the sky, and now just beyond the University we come to the ascent upon which rises the tomb of General Grant. This imposing monument is constructed of white granite, with white marble interior. Surely the great general, whose wife lies beside him, has a most beautiful and peaceful resting place. His tomb stands upon a hill 130 feet above the river. Through the openings of the great forest trees, is to be seen the broad expanse of the Hudson, dotted here and there with white winged sails. On the opposite

shores, through the purple haze, stretching away for miles, are the green slopes of the Palisades of the Jersey coast.

Above the portico, on a panel of the tomb where lies the man of war, are inscribed these words:

"Let us have peace."

In 1797 the site of Grant's tomb was the home of George Pollock, and was called Strawberry Hill. Mr. Pollock failed, and was forced to sell his property and he went to England, leaving behind, however, a tiny monument marking the grave of his favorite child. This little tomb still stands. The inscription has been blurred by the passing of a hundred years, but we may read it still: "Erected to the memory of an amiable child—St. Clair Pollock. Died 15th of July, 1797, in the fifth year of his age."

"Man that is born of woman is of a few years and full of trouble."

"He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down."

"He fleeth like a shadow and continueth not."

Strange circumstances of chance and fate that the magnificent tomb shrining a nation's pride, and the humble stone marking the grave of "an amiable child" should stand side by side; so suggestive of the sharp contrast everywhere to be found in daily life.

"RIVERSIDE PARK."

Riverside Park, which extends for three miles, from One Hundred and Thirtieth to Seventy-second street, is called the most magnificent residential avenue in the world. It would be beyond the power of pen to describe this park, for which nature has done so much, and whose natural contours have been preserved, with many of the trees of "the forest primeval," for it is a succession of picturesque views of natural beauty, broken by the magnificent handiwork of man. At the end of the park, where stood the New York Orphans' asylum, now stands the most expensive and glittering private residence in America. It is owned by Charles M. Schwab, who paid for the property $860,000. His mansion was built at a cost of over $2,000,000. Worthy of passing notice are the Solders and Sailors Monument to commemorate the citizens of New York who took part in the Civil War, and is a gift of the city; also a statue of Washington, which is a gift of the school children of the city.

'Mid all the palaces of commercial kings, art and literature, and the church are represented by an overwhelming minority in the homes of the late Richard Mansfield, Julia Marlowe, James Gordon Bennett and the late Bishop Henry C. Potter.

Below the residential portion lying along the Hudson, are the marts and ports which represent

the busy, bustling world of traffic, travel and trade.

As one pier looks very much like another we will pass on in silence until we again reach Twenty-second street.

It is almost dark, for the long, beautiful twilight that heralds approaching evening in New York is giving way to dusk, and lights are twinkling like millions of scintillating stars from either shore their long reflections glancing, spire-like, along the water, which is made active by myriad boats constantly passing and repassing, making in all a fairy-like scene that surely could not be surpassed even in Venice.

And now as the evening has come we will go to our rest, and will take up our journeys through interior New York in our next letter. With a good old-fashioned English "Good-bye" and a German "Auf Wiederschen."

A Plea for the Right.

Editor Truth:

I have appreciated the many kindly words from subscribers of *Truth,* as to my letters.

Nothing is so cheering as words of encouragement and the friendly hand clasp. They go a long way toward making life worth while. It is, of course, an impossibility to please everybody, especially those who are very wise(?)—those who are annoyed should a man walk in any other footsteps but those they would dictate.

I once heard it said that an idiot is the only sure passenger on life's ocean, who holds a non-forfeitable ticket to heaven. Be nothing, say nothing, do nothing, and you ride in a safety wagon.

The question of being appreciated, though the heart may yearn for it, should cut no figure in the reckoning of a helpful life. One is selfish to give and expect something in return for his gift and it will cause many disappointments.

Do the work and sing your song, let the consequence follow.

A dead fish can float down stream easy enough, but it takes a live one to go against the current. It requires strength and courage.

"Who fails to sow for fear that he
Shall not be here to reap,
Must lie in black obscurity
Through all his final sleep."

If not for the few the world would have remained in brutal ignorance and mankind would today be killing each other with big sticks and beating tom toms for their music.

The man who has no aim in life, no higher purpose than to float down stream, to live the animal life, eat, drink, sleep and appease the passions, generally becomes an unthinking thing to stand and snarl at the onward march of his fellows.

In this unhappy world there is plenty of work and a place for each and all and as soon as the souls of men evolute to the plains of light, they will realize and appreciate this glorious truth.

Then the human mind will be "in tune with the Infinite," lifting humanity toward higher and nobler ideals and thus make of this world a refined and beautiful home where men shall dwell together, willingly and lovingly, linked by the golden chain of fraternal love.

To be generous and give your best efforts; is sipping the very cream of creation. It is no sacrifice, it is joy.

It isn't a very long journey from the cradle and the crooning song, to the coffin and its requiem. In a few years we will all be gone, and we may rest assured, in the future, as in the past, the individual will be forgotten. The singer passes

away—only the song remains to bless humanity.

If I can bring one human being to see the nobler view of life, lift him from the plain of a snarling growler into the sunlight of reason and justice, where he will ever sing the words: "Lead kindly light, lead thou me on." Then, though without recognition, I shall die content. The helpful influence of today will make an impress on eternity.

The present civilization is in its infancy—or its boyhood. Ignorance, selfishness and brutal mastery are the controlling forces amongst men. The late Robert G. Ingersoll once wrote me saying, "There is no grander work than to keep alive the memories of the good and the true." I agree with him, but I would say further, there is no grander work in all the world than to defend or rescue the good name of an individual or of a people from the attacks of blind followers, of a howling, unthinking populace. This is my work wherever and whenever an occasion presents itself.

The few liberals of the world have battled for "the under dog in the fight" and it has been a fight all across the ages. Christians, pagans, infidels, Catholics, Quakers, Methodists, Atheists, Dowieites, Presbyterians, Christian Scientists and, o my! the poor "Mormons," all have been flayed by the mob.

Not only have creeds, societies and individuals killed and been killed, through illiberal thought,

but race prejudice has played havoc with the same spirit. The Jew has had an awful dose at the hands of Christians, and he is still in it, and as they kill him, the cry is, "It's only a Jew." The Irish, French, Italian, and from now on God help the poor negro!

Nearly every race has had a taste of this devilish hate and in turn when in power have tortured in worse manner than the former, and with all of our churches and refining societies there seems to be no abatement to this devilish spirit of bigotry. The next to defend may be a race of people or it may be a body of religionists, I do not know which, but this I do know, that until there is a higher civilization, a nobler manhood, a race of thinkers in place of howlers, there is plenty of work for the few, in aiming to keep races of people and religious bodies from abusing and destroying each other. I know that out of chaotic thought have grown the beauties of the present status of intellectual civilization. I know that this murderous clamor and abuse has not only caused untold horrible suffering, amongst the children of men, but it has retarded the power of reason and the growth of spiritual—humane—human life.

Intellectual, manly, spiritual life is a matter of development. Educational institutions, churches and societies are rungs in the ladder leading to a brighter light and to higher forms. Each individual must decide for himself his place on the

ladder, or power of climbing. Each man's life tells the story of his soul development. and when civilized he will help humanity on its upward way.

> "God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold—
> We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
> Time will reveal the calyxes of gold."

Hon. C. C. Goodwin, in *Goodwin's Weekly* of issue of July 7th, 1906, in an article, "Not an Exlusive Court," aims to prove that the Smoot case would have been decided long before if not for partisan reasons. He cites a number of instances, especially the Tilden and Hayes election. He shows where honor and justice were sacrificed on the altar of partisanship. Men, afraid of their jobs! Think of it. Intelligent men selling out everything that makes us worthy of the name man. I do not doubt Mr. Goodwin's conclusions, but such stories should bring a blush of shame to both robber and robbed, for such is a dishonor to the flag, and an impeachment upon our boasted civilization.

I would urge young men to be careful of a clamorous crowd. A crowd is seldom right and often they commit crimes and do wrongs that take centuries to correct. When reason is dethroned and passion holds sway, untold suffering follows in its wake. The Hon. Reed Smoot and family have been the target for a clamorous crowd for several years, and the barking is still on. Yet

Reed Smoot has injured no one, broken no law; he is a splendid man, and an American citizen of the first order.

There is no more sense or reason or argument in fighting the "Mormon" church than there would be in fighting any other denomination. It's a religious war with some mean politics thrown in. Politicians, such as Mr. Goodwin describes, have jumped into the wagon and for their own selfish gains are turning their eyes heavenward like dying goslins, and are shouting long and loud. Many of the shouters have put on the robes of Christ and so the multitude of unthinking people join in the cry and echo it from shore to shore, Down with the "Mormons!" "Crucify! Crucify!"

It is easy to call names.

The gentle Quakers were called ugly names; they were branded upon their foreheads; holes were burned through their tongues; they were tortured by every devilish instrument that could be devised by the cunning, devilish, depraved mind! Yet John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, whose soul burst into song and the sweet influence of his gentle folk, still live and cast a divine radiance over poor quarreling humanity.

The founding of every church, or a religious body, or of any organization, has to meet with opposition by the already established institutions. Every organization claims a copyright. So each one gets up and dances a war dance in opposition

to the new, which is generally an improvement on the old.

Then again, the scoffer can always find some ground for derision, which generally leads to abuse and villification.

The simple faith and evening prayer of a child is food for a scoffer. The devotion and prayers of a mother. The sacredness of home, the ceremonies of a funeral. Poets and poems and all beautiful things may be food for ridicule for men and women whose minds never enter the realms of imagination or of the spiritual.

Idle gossip is the main cause of all the trouble in the world. "Mother Grundy" made Uncle Sam spend one hundred thousand dollars in an attempt to expel Mr. Smoot from the Senate for no cause.

Promises and ceremonies are but leaves; deeds are fruits. It is the manhood within the man that counts, not the trappings, not the symbols, not the medals on his breast. We quarrel on symbols, and signs, and uncertainties, not on pure religion. There is but one religion, which is centered in the words, "Love and Hope."

"Master, which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said unto him, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind.' This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy-

self.' On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

If the Mormons are so bad, take Tennyson's advice:

"It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.
Soiling another will never make one clean."

The question whether this continuous slanderous clamor retards the growth of our city and state, is secondary. Right is right, and wrong is no man's right. The liar, the thief, the slanderer, is a criminal in himself. The sin is in the doing, not in the being caught. We need, in America, men, thinkers, not chatterers! The people must be taught to live from within, not from without—true to the inner self.

The flag of our nation is a symbol of liberty, mental liberty. This thought launched it forth. Every man has an equal right to worship his God according to his own ideas and conscience. If you think him a fool, remember he has that right, especially so, if you claim the right to be a judge. The man who will not assist his neighbor in retaining his right to liberty of thought, commits a sin against the Constitution, and "whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

If our senators were men when they entered the Senate, they should at least cease to be senators rather than cease to be men. A warrior's grave is no disgrace to a man who fought and like

a soldier fell, nor to the politician who battled honestly in the arena. No man is bad because a dog barks at him. The courageous men of all ages have been barked at. There is barely an ideal worthy of emulation that was not barked at, pulled to pieces on the rack, burned at the stake, shot to death, or crucified on the cross.

Stop abusing the "Mormons." They have been lied about long enough. Do something worth while. You'll feel better and be better; give health instead of pain, sunshine in place of clouds.

The people everywhere need help. Churches are empty. People have lost confidence in nearly everything and everybody. They are drifting, drifting out into seas of doubt. Dissipation is fastening its fangs on our rising generations. We have but few teachers to guide their footsteps onto higher plains.

The world is waiting—ready for some great soul to call them up to a higher life, out of darkness into light.

People and children must be taught honesty, thoughtfulness, equal rights, reverence for old age, obedience to law, and to cultivate an honest, clean individuality, backed by both heart and brain. We need more Robert Colliers, more Edward Everett Hales, more Elmer Goshens, more Eugene V. Debbs and Wm. J. Browns, more earnest souls who will work for the weal of man, which will then mean the glory of God.

Never in human history has there been such a

demand for pure, earnest, honest, reasoning men, as now; men who are unselfish and fearless; who are ready to lay away ambition and fortune for the welfare and intellectual growth and happiness of mankind.

Progression is salvation. Non-progression is damnation. We must go onward.

On the Wing.

NEW YORK.

Such constant demands have been made upon my time, through the interest aroused everywhere by the Smoot investigation in particular, and "Mormonism" in general, that I have had no leisures to continue the weekly letters I had promised myself to send to my friends in Utah. It has been a source of great pleasure to me that demands for my talks on Utah have come from the various large eastern cities unsought, and is an indication that the United States are awakening to the real meaning of the word liberty, as they no longer listen to but one side of a question but insist on hearing the other.

That you may know the kindly spirit manifested toward our people, in the invitations I have received to lecture on Utah, I enclose a letter from General Wm. Birney of Washington, D. C., where I am to speak Sunday, April 22.

If you think it will be interesting to your readers you are at liberty to publish it.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

WASHINGTON.

Mr. Meakin:

DEAR SIR:—Mr. Smoot has just given me your address and suggested that you might be willing

to address the Secular League of this city, on one of the remaining Sunday afternoons of the current month. We had invited Mr. Smoot and he had given us hope that he would lecture to us after the decision of the senate in his case. As we cannot expect that this month and our winter session ends with April, we are obliged to look elsewhere.

The league stands for religious liberty and thinks the expulsion of Senator Smoot would be unconstitutional and would lead to religious persecution. A stronger case than that against Mr. Smoot might be made against any Roman Catholic member of the senate.

You might choose your own subject, and deal with it in your own way, leaving us free to differ with you.

Mr. David Eccles, of the government printing office, is the president of the league. He will write you on this subject. To avoid delay, write now. I am of the executive committee.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM BIRNEY.

IN NEW ENGLAND

I like New England, and I like the New England people. They have a charm all their own, somewhat reminiscent of their pilgrim ancestry. They have that English reserve that strikes the casual observer as conventionality or coldness. This, however, is only superficial, for once break-

ing through the ice of this reserve, one finds them hospitable, tender and friendly.

We have grown accustomed to thinking of the westerner, as broad and unsuspicious, of the south as chivalrous and hospitable, and the east and north, as it is called here, as narrow and conventional. The easterner is harder to approach, more wrapped up in his own little world, more of a scholar than his younger brothers, but his heart is just as warm, his hand clasp as genuine, and his hospitality as free when once you get acquainted. He is not impulsive, but is a reasoner, and once convince him of your reliability, and he is your friend for life. The more I travel the more I am convinced that "People are very much like folks wherever you go."

EXCHANGE OF VALUES

It has struck me often, what a grand exchange of values it would be if some of the buoyancy and enthusiasm of the west could be infused into the east and some of the culture and thoughtfulness of the east could be transmitted to the west, but I suppose it is true of civilization as it is of people, the young are vital, the old are philosophic and so the east has its Emerson, its Longfellow, its universities, its monuments and its memories, its tranquil scenery and its quiet people, while the west has its vigorous manhood, and its vast, undeveloped resources.

Some weeks ago I lectured at Philadelphia, and last Sunday was requested to repeat it before the Friendship Liberal club, so I again had the pleasure of a visit to the Quaker City.

CITIZENS NOT ASLEEP

Philadelphia is quaint, quiet and picturesque, but anyone who thinks its citizens are asleep or takes stock in the old graveyard story about the "City of the Dead," had better wake up themselves.

The early Quakers, no doubt, were a strong influence in molding the characteristic citizens of this historic city. One occasionally sees the sweet faced, gentlemannered Quakeress in her simple but not unbeautiful dress. I caught the passing thought that it was a pity woman's street attire had not been permanently affected by her influence, for there is an elegance in their severe neatness that could well be emulated by the bedecked and befrilled woman of today.

Philadelphia is so full of historic memories that to attempt more than a passing idea of them would be impossible.

I took off my hat in reverence as I crossed the threshold of the old house where Betsy Ross worked at that first symbol of our national liberty—the Stars and Stripes. I also saw the old Liberty bell at Independence hall. The bell is old and cracked—protected by a glass case. The

thought would come that we need to construct a new liberty bell, silver-toned and pure, that will not need protection, and at its clarion call, man will hasten to regenerate the old spirit of liberty which gave us a free country, freed the slave and is now crying out for more mental freedom.

It is saddening that in this very town where men fought and died for freedom the shadows of prejudice and superstition still bind shackles on the minds of men, holding them prisoners to ignorant malice and blinding them to justice.

GIRARD COLLEGE

The beautiful Girard college annually shelters 1,600 boys, and instructs them how to gain a liberal education, for to quote from a former letter of mine:

"It is a creedless but not a Godless institution."

Yet the home of this beautiful seat of learning is a hotbed of almost brutal prejudice against their unoffending Utah brothers, whom for the most part they have never seen and know but little about. In justice I will say, however, the people are not to blame, as a horde of so-called reformers have made this their vantage point, and not having the wit or originality to invent some cure for the many errors of our present infant civilization, they must wage war against something to make a living, and as Utah is a long way off and the average Philadelphian doesn't travel

much, it is safe to howl against the politics and morals of the "Mormons."

The philosophy of the gentle Nazarine we hope may become possible throughout Christendom. When we grow more civilized there will not be danger should we turn the other cheek. But until this stage is reached it behooves Utah to be less meek and fight a little for that liberty and justice which comes so tardily.

I have a pride in knowing that I have lifted my voice to defend mental-religious liberty, and though it probably could be likened to a tiny grain of sand on the sea shore, I can only hope that I have sown a few seeds of kindness that my hearers will nurture and in their turn they will preach the gospel of love.

"For the pleasures of the many
May be ofttimes traced to one,
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun."

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

My trip to Providence was intended for a pleasurable rest after several months of constant speaking.

I went there in response to an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Louis LeVine. I had met Mr. LeVine in Salt Lake City during his visit to Utah last summer, where he was looking after his mining interests.

I found him to be a cordial gentleman and our acquaintance has deepened into a friendship.

I cannot refrain from speaking of this large-hearted man, because while not interested in the "Mormon" belief to any extent, he admires the people of our state and extends a hearty welcome and every hospitality to the "Mormon" elders.

The week end generally finds several of our "Mormon" boys at his home enjoying a good dinner.

I took my journey by boat. These elegantly appointed boats can only be described as floating palaces. The grand salon is decorated with freshly cut flowers and provided with most excellent band music and all of the best periodicals are at the disposal of the guests. The state rooms are finely equipped and the dining room is unsurpassed by any of our leading hotels. After a trip of about 19 hours I arrived at Providence, welcomed at the pier by Mr. LeVine.

In the afternoon I went to Mr. LeVine's handsomely appointed offices in the Fletcher building, where I met a number of liberal-minded men. Utah was discussed and quite unexpectedly I was asked to tell my story about Utah publically. It being left with me to appoint the night, and they would pay the rent. It was arranged that it should be the following Sunday evening.

SPOKE TO LARGE AUDIENCE

A good-sized audience greeted me at the Arcanum hall, my hearers were most attentive, and the *Evening Bulletin* of the next issue gave a very fair report, which I note you have already published.

I mention in passing that the reporter was an absolute stranger to me. I did not even meet him. I mention this because it is pleasant to find some fair and unprejudiced people.

Strange things will happen, sometimes pleasant ones. At the close of my meeting a gentleman stepped up with extended hand saying, "Well, John, don't you know me?" After a moment's hesitation I did remember him as Tom Moore (not the poet, but a chum of my boyhood days, who came over from England in the same ship with me.) The renewing of this old friendship made my stay in Providence doubly pleasant.

Providence is a splendid city, but time and space forbid my mentioning its numerous attractive features. It is a large manufacturing center, one of the amazing industries to me was that of making shoe laces. Seven immense shoe lace factories are located here and these work 24 hours per day.

How few of us realize that such a trifling, but necessary thing as a shoe string should give wealth to a few, and bread and butter to thousands.

A friend of mine with whom I was driving pointed out these factories to me. I remarked that I should have supposed that one factory would supply the whole world with shoe strings, whereupon my friend remarked.

"You forget that little feet are coming into the world all the time."

AT BOSTON.

Before returning to New York I visited Boston, which city is only an hour's ride from Providence.

I went there in response to an invitation to deliver my lecture, "Utah and the Mormons," at which time about 400 people were present.

The close and respectful attention I received in Boston only verified what has long been my private opinion, that educated people are the most fair in their judgment and most apt to view a question from all sides in an unprejudiced manner.

Several days later I was asked to join in the discussion at a dinner held by the Twentieth Century club, the topic being technical education. The subject as developed was handled by several master minds as to what higher education means and the methods obtained in Germany, France and other civilized countries.

I was allowed ten minutes on education in Utah. I gave a brief outline of the free public school system, universities and colleges.

I was glad to have this opportunity to bring to the attention of some real thinkers Utah's educational status. It is so often the prevailing idea that the "Mormons" are enemies to secular knowledge.

On my return to Providence, where I was to give another talk, I stayed over at Worcester, Mass., for I had promised Mr. John Q. Critchlow to meet his friend, Ex-Mayor Edward F. Fletcher, and for this purpose I carried a letter of introduction.

HELD HOME MEETINGS

It had been my intention to make a brief call on Mr. Fletcher and take the next train to Providence, but he not only pressed me to remain over night, but insisted upon it. And arranged a gathering at his home for the evening.

During the afternoon I was introduced to several splendid men, among them Col. Wm. A. Gile, who is one of the most prominent lawyers of Massachusetts. He is a brother-in-law to Mrs. Geo. A. Lowe and a friend to Utah. I also met G. Stanley Hall, president of Clarke university; State Senator Parker and others. We also visited the home of the late Senator Hoar, whose memory is revered throughout the state. I sat in the old oak chair, which belonged to him for 50 years and wrote at his old desk. We next visited the new city hall, the pride of Worcester, a marble dream of architectural beauty.

In the center of the first step of the staircase leading to the main entrance is a five-pointed star, which marks the spot where the Declaration of Independence was first read.

It is justly considered a sacred spot, for here the immortal words of that document of liberty were sent vibrating into space.

We now went to Mr. Fletcher's elegant home for dinner, where I met his gracious wife and talented son Raymond.

So warm a friendship sprung up between this promising youth and myself that he said at parting: "I feel I shall miss you like one of my best friends," and upon my return to New York I found a letter from him awaiting me.

AN ENJOYABLE OCCASION

In the evening I had the honor of talking before about forty intelligent people, guests of Mr. Fletcher. I talked for half an hour on Utah, at their request, after which we were delightfully entertained with music by Miss Nina Fletcher, who is a skilled violinist. Later I gave a number of my favorite poems.

My visit to Worcester will always be held as one of my pleasantest memories. When I return to Salt Lake I shall thank Mr. Critchlow, our townsman, very earnestly for his introduction.

Before leaving Worcester I was interviewed by a Mr. John Curry, representing the Worces-

ter *Telegram*. His report was so truthful, and he stated so exactly my words without garbling them that I was not surprised to learn later that his paper is considered one of the most conservative in New England.

NEW YORK

I find myself again in busy, bustling, pleasure-loving New York.

New York is charming, elusive and fascinating. Some one has likened her to a variable woman, and the phrase suits admirably, for her lighter moods, but mingling with her laughter and jest, is the din of trade, the clatter and clang of traffic, the noise of street calls, and behind it all the sob of the tired city's heart, that groans over the tragic contrasts of life. New York is overshadowed with gloom over the horrible disaster on the Pacific coast, and that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" has made her brush aside all her frivolity if only for the present moment, and she is extending tender, helpful hands as proof of her humanity toward the sufferers of the Golden West.

Phases of Human Life.

NEW YORK.

In traveling from place to place I am so often struck with the varying phases of human life! Each section of country through which one passes seeming to have its men and women who partake strongly of their surroundings. It has occurred to me that a letter describing people I have met on the trains might be both interesting and amusing to the readers of the *News*.

I cannot see how any person possessing faculties of observation can fail to enjoy themselves in this many-sided world of ours; for humanity, working at the mighty loom of fate always crosses the darker threads of tragedy with the golden strands of comedy, and the tired sobs of the weavers are always controlled by dear, restful laughter.

My leave-taking of Salt Lake some six weeks ago was of a saddening nature, as I drove directly to the station after speaking at the funeral of an old friend of mine. My heart was also heavy from saying good-bye to home and loved ones. Hence, after taking the train I was rather occupied with my own thoughts and failed to take any account of my fellow-passengers until I sud-

denly found myself at Grand Junction station. The only passengers entering our Pullman at this point were a pretty little dark-eyed woman and her two bright-looking children, a boy and a girl. They entered their compartments across the aisle from mine.

Directly facing me sat a tall, lank, good-natured-looking man of the Sol Smith Russell type. We passed a compliment or two, he remarked on the inconvenience of upper berths and crowded cars and then settled back comfortably to his magazine. I turned my attention to the scenery and my own thoughts and was soon slumbering peacefully. I was awakened from my pleasant doze by an unearthly yell. I had a confusion of thoughts, the uppermost one being, There has been an accident.

I came to quickly, for a large white rat bounded out of the coat of my tall friend, who was gesticulating wildly, and landed in my lap. I never did like rats, so naturally it was my next move. Soon every person in the car was on the move.

After the little boy and girl had successfully captured the rat, and the laugh and the noise had subsided, it developed that the little thing was a pet, which the children were taking with them to see "grandma," in Omaha, and as each person busied himself with cards or newspaper, I know that he inwardly echoed my exclamation, "Oh, rats!"

The incident opened up a conversation between my long friend and myself. He turned out a Mr. O. B. Watson from Connecticut, who had been traveling in California for his health. "Yesterday," he remarked, "I spent an interesting day driving around Salt Lake."

I was curious to know just what he had heard regarding our state. I simply told him I was a fraternalist; all men were my brothers.

He had heard the story of six wives living in one little row of houses, wives and houses all owned by one man.

He knew the Amelia palace story and many other "hack" stories, but the driver gave him a new one—that is, new to me—about Brigham Young, with extra trimmings. I will relate it as nearly as I can remember in his language:

"I saw Maude Adams while I was in New York a few years ago in the 'Little Minister.' I understand she uses her mothers's maiden name and that her birth-place was Salt Lake City. Judge my surprise at being told something which no doubt Miss Adams conceals from the public at large, but which is well known in Salt Lake City. She is one of the many children of the late President Brigham Young, and her mother was number 27, who, with her little one in arms, left when Brigham Young married Amelia Folsom, the latter becoming his favorite wife, a thing not to be endured by Maude's mother, who had formerly held this position. I understand that Brig-

ham was a patron of the arts and built the Salt Lake Theatre. This, no doubt, accounts for Maude Adams' histrionic ability."

SET THE MAN RIGHT

Shades of James H. Kiskadden! I felt it my duty as an old friend of "Jim" and of Aseneth (Miss Annie Adams) to do a little missionary work, for I believe in giving credit where credit is due, so I handed the gentleman my card and gave him facts not only about "Utah's Maude," but about our state in general and Brigham Young in particular.

The gentleman seemed disappointed when I told him that Brigham Young only had nineteen wives. "Oh, is that all," he said, doubtfully. I produced the picture of the Mrs. Youngs as proof. He returned the compliment by showing me the inevitable picture of a "Mormon" family, with its squabbling women and one little man.

I said, "My picture is fact, yours is fancy, and quite as false as the stories you were told and have repeated." I am now wondering which set of stories Mr. Watson is repeating in Connecticut, mine or the hack driver's.

IN DENVER

I stayed over in Denver about ten days, delivering, while there, my lecture, "Utah and the

Mormons," to a large and seemingly interested audience. After leaving Denver I looked around the car and saw no congenial spirit; most of the faces were beginning to take on the conventional, formal characteristics that mark all the faces east of Chicago. I felt rather lonely for association with my kind is quite a necessary part of my enjoyment while traveling.

Directly in front of me sat a gentleman reading Hubbard's "Philistine." I knew a man couldn't read Hubbard and not be companionable, so I ventured a "I beg your pardon." I was not disappointed in my man, and a most pleasant hour followed.

The gentleman was a resident of Albany, N. Y., and when I informed him that Salt Lake City was my home, he said, "Oh, indeed. Do you know I suppose it's very silly of me, but I've always considered Utah the synonym for Mormon, and Mormon the synonym for polygamy. Now I suppose, as a matter of fact, there are those who are Mormons who are not polygamists."

QUESTION OF POLYGAMY

I replied, "Quite so, and probably you will find more polygamy to the square inch in any other city of the same size than you will find to the square mile in Salt Lake City."

We then discussed Utah socially, ethically and

politically with the result that the gentleman offered to help make it possible for me to express myself publicly on Utah should I ever visit Albany.

During our conversation we had for an accompaniment some most excellent music in the form of whistling. At first we paid no attention to this; gradually it pleasantly obtruded itself upon our notice. We looked about the car, but failed to locate the whistler. After a time, as the sound continued, my gaze caught the sweet face of a little old lady looking very intently at the passing scenery and her pursed-up lips identified her as the musician. She kept up her sweet melodies until the dusk had fallen, and seemed all unconscious of listeners. Her repertoire included "The Wearing of the Green," "Annie Laurie," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

ANOTHER STORY OF UTAH.

Last summer in an observation car en route from Kansas City to Chicago I was a silent listener to a story about Utah which proved the old adage, "Listeners never hear any good of themselves;" furthermore, it was an illustration of the fact that a traveler must be very careful in relating any incident about places he has visited or people he has seen, lest his accuracy and truthfulness be questioned by other travelers.

But to return to the observation car: it was

filled with an unusually intelligent class of people, and from chance remarks made here and there I gathered that they were tourists from various parts of the county.

One man, educated, evidently a gentleman, was more talkative than the others. He was the usual type of a traveling salesman we immediately dub a "drummer." I was sitting to his left. He was conversing with a gentleman opposite him. As this conversation was personal in character, I paid no attention to it until I heard him say, "I'm from Chicago, and I've just returned from Utah, the Mormon country, and I want to tell you that's a good place to keep away from, for if you wish to settle there and you are not a Mormon, your vote is worthless, because they run things politically; then if you wish to go there for business you haven't a ghost of a chance, because a few men and a Church organization, known as Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, run the whole business."

By this time he had raised his voice and had the attention of the whole crowd.

As I listened I thought of Utah's Commercial club, the Real Estate association and other organizations for the development of trade and commerce. I longed for Fisher Harris and Orlando W. Powers, for with their eloquent tongues they might have dispelled the conviction which was beginning to settle upon the minds of all present that Utah was no place to live or invest money.

I casually noticed my friend wore a K. of P. badge similar to one I wear, as a charm on my watch chain, and it passed through my mind: "Brother, we are both pledged to tell the truth."

Story after story followed, humorous and horrible, all vilifying in their character.

I couldn't stand it any longer, so very unobtrusively holding up my K. of P. badge, I said, quietly: "What you are saying isn't true, 'old man;' it isn't true." To which he replied, "Oh, yes, it is!"

"I say it isn't."

"I tell you I've been there."

"So have I."

"I tried to sell goods all over Utah, even went down to that jumping-off place—St. George."

"I also have traveled all over Utah as a salesman—even down to St. George, only I sold my goods, one of my wares being a non-Mormon publication. While thus employed I was entertained in Mormon homes, and I know the people."

"But I was there six weeks, and know all about it."

"Well, I know a little about it, too; I've been there forty years."

A general laugh followed, and one gentleman spoke up and said: "Speak a little louder and tell us more about Utah."

There was a chorus of "Yes, do," so I had the novel experience of addressing an audience on a

moving train. Opening with the well-known lines:

> "Breathes there the man with soul so dead
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?"

For while Utah is not my native land, I found my wife there, and I have five sons born there, who, if they desire to grow up with our growing state, I wish to help in common with all other sons of Utah, to have every possible chance unhindered by the tongue of slander and ridicule.

ONE VOICE IN DEFENSE

So I lifted my one voice before that small audience, as I always will lift it wherever I go to defend an honest, aspiring state.

When I adopted America as my country, I adopted it because I was born free and believed in freedom and equality embodied in its Constitution. And I appeal to all those citizens of Utah who really love their home to help free Utah from the bondage of prejudice and misunderstanding by proudly telling the truth at all times and everywhere.

I had proposed writing this letter in a lighter vein, but have gotten upon my old hobby horse, liberty and freedom for every creed and every race, and so space forbids my telling the amus-

ing stories I had meant to tell, for in the words of Dr. Van Dyke:

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

"I love thy inland seas,
Thy capes and giant trees,
Thy rolling plain;
Thy canyons wild and deep,
Thy rocky mountains steep,
Thy prairies' boundless sweep,
Thy glorious main.

"Thy dome, thy silvery strands,
Thy golden gate that stands
Afront the west;
Thy sweet and crystal air,
Thy sunlight everywhere,
Oh, land beyond compare—
I love thee best."

Beautiful Handiwork of Nature.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Since my last letter I have traveled many miles, conversed with scores of people, gave my lecture on "Utah" before several large audiences, besides entertaining nearly every evening in the homes of new and old friends. I wish that I could accomplish more than I do, in the brief space of each day, for my friends would then read more of my experiences and wanderings in the east.

Before turning my face westward I went to Norwich, Conn. I visited with the Hon. James M. Parker and his scholarly wife, in their palatial home in one of the most picturesque valleys in the state of Connecticut. Just a few miles from the city of Norwich.

At this season of the year all nature smiles with beauty all around. She has put on her spring coat of variegated colors, which covers every nook and corner, hill and dale. I grow more interested every day in the beauties of our country. People should see the world and its magnificent wonders. They would become more generous, more charitable and broader-minded.

I have looked in wonderment at the handiwork of both God and man in the east. While the westerners are urging the easterners to see the

wonders of the west, the easterners should urge the westerners to see some of the wonders of the east.

IN NEW ENGLAND

In the New England states and in Ohio as I have beheld the beautiful valleys, beautiful lakes, the forests of elms and maple, the waving grasses and beautiful flowers and have listened to the music of the birds and the song of the brook, as I have watched the great rivers join their forces and roll on towards the sea, I exclaimed with the poet:

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world
With the wonderful waters around you curled,
With the wonderful grass upon your breast
World, you are grandly and beautifully dressed.'

"The wonderful air is over me,
The wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the waters and whirls the mills
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

"You friendly earth, how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles.

"Ah, you are so great and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet as I said my prayers today
A whisper within me seemed to say
You are more than the earth, though you seem such a dot,
You can love and think, and the earth can not."

Then as I would ride into a little town and see dilapidated human lives and read their narrow souls, realize their bigotry and unkindness to their fellow men, the words of Dr. Watts forced themselves upon my mind, and I said: Oh, my country, "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

Extirpate low selfishness and bigotry from the minds of men and we will not then live in a semi-hell, but to the contrary, in the full realization of a heaven on earth.

Heaven is within us and about us, if we are only civilized high enough to see it, experience it. and enjoy it.

I returned to New York for a couple of days from Norwich, and bade my friends good-bye.

I left them midst the whirl and bustle of New York life, and as I crossed the Hudson river, the tall spires and the sky-scraping roofs of New York were scarcely seen, through a tear.

WORK IN BUFFALO

Buffalo was my next stop, thriving, clean, up-to-date, on the go, but not "at a break-neck speed." Buffalo is a fraternal city. The people are hospitable, courteous. I met many of them and I enjoyed my visit beyond expression in words.

In all the towns and cities I have visited I have

dispelled the clouds of ignorance as to our state and its people, by the sunlight of truth.

The prejudice is amazing, in many instances silly, vile, murderous.

There are a score of men and women clothed in the robes of Christianity, continually going up and down as tale-bearers about Utah and the "Mormons," but withal, some of the people are doing some thinking for themselves, and surely ere long

"We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away."

CLEVELAND, OHIO

I came here, and like at other places it is a task to tear myself away. Requests from personal friends and from "Mormon" friends keep coming for me to visit their town or city. On Sunday evening, May 13, I spoke to a fair-sized audience in the Pythian Temple, in Cleveland. The night was one of the stormiest of the springtime. It rained in torrents, which was detrimental to our meeting, but I have had engagements all along the line, and I have removed some of the mists that befog the minds of the people.

I have had the pleasure of meeting some of the brainiest people in the east. I must not forget to mention a dear old lady here, who has two sisters in Utah, and whose doors are always swung

wide open for Utahns—Mrs. H. E. Harrison. Her heart overflows with kindness, and many a wanderer from his mountain home finds a haven of rest under her hospitable roof.

During my visit our conversation drifted to home and loved ones both in Utah and in far-off England. She had read the romance of Mrs. Meakin and my life published in Cleveland *Plain Dealer* last September, and was anxious to know more. I found that the good lady came from Winwick, ten miles from Raunds, my birthplace in old England.

She had listened when a girl to my father, and also to Robert W. Wolcott, my wife's father, preach in Bedfordshire fifty years ago.

In imagination she wandered back and so did I, to the babbling brooks of childhood, and we lived the old days over again.

Tom Moore sang a sweet song in these words:

> "When time, who steals our years away,
> Shall steal our pleasures too,
> The memory of the past will stay
> And half its joys renew."

A reception was tendered me at this lady's beautiful home. The evening will ever linger like sweet chimes in memory's treasury of the human mind.

Besides a goodly number of strangers, all the Utah sophomores were present, and in closing

"we sang the song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' the song that reached our hearts."

SHARON CENTER, OHIO

By a pressing invitation from C. M. Johnson and other citizens, I went to Sharon Center and gave my lecture in the town hall on Sunday, May 20. The hall was filled with the leading people of Medina county.

One of the ministers was broad-minded enough to announce the meeting from the pulpit. The gentleman was a Lutheran and his action was appreciated. It came like a ray of light from a dark and clouded sky.

C. M. Johnson, an old and highly esteemed citizen, was the chairman, and he was not afraid to act.

It had been noised about among the country people that my lecture was in favor of the "Mormons." Why, the very idea of such a thing was enough to cause a commotion, it being the first time a square deal was ever given the "Mormons."

In opening I assured the people that many speakers and thinkers had been unwelcome guests, but in after years it had been proven that they were right in their life's labors. I said in opening:

Miss Susan B. Anthony, at her last public meeting, was pelted by the audience with roses,

and at the close of her lecture she stood knee deep in beautiful flowers. The lady was overcome by such loving enthusiasm, and with tears running down her cheeks she turned to the chairman and said:

"My dear, what a difference; what a change! How beautiful this is! Why, don't you know, sixty years ago in this same town, the audience pelted me with eggs, and I gave the same story today as I did then."

SIXTY YEARS' WORK

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it took sixty years to break down the barriers of bigotry and change conditions from knee deep in eggs to knee deep in roses! I neither fear the eggs nor expect the flowers. All I ask is a respectful hearing. You may draw your own conclusions when I have given you my story.

The meeting was one of my best and most successful during my eastern tour.

The people are anxious to learn the truth; they have never heard any good of Utah and the "Mormons;" it is unpopular, and clamor without knowledge is rampant, but some are beginning to realize that they have been hornswoggled by people who ought to have known better and done better.

I have entertained over one hundred of the people in talks on Utah and the "Mormons," and

in song and story, at the country home of the prince of men, Cyrus M. Johnson.

I am now a welcome guest at Sharon Center, Ohio, so will any honest Utah man or woman be, should they pass that way.

"The mob, its wrath, its aid,
Learn gently to despise.
At first they cannonade,
At length they canonize."

A Word to Mrs. Schoff.

The following letter was addressed to the President of the Congress of Mothers' Clubs by the lecturer, Mr. Meakin, and is self-explanatory:

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
March 14, 1905.

Mrs. Frederick Schoff,
President of Mothers' Clubs,
Washington, D. C.,

DEAR MADAM: I trust you will pardon me for any seeming boldness in addressing you. I read this morning at the breakfast table your address before the Mothers' Congress in Washington, in which you speak so harshly about the Utah people, the "Mormons." I realize my unpopular position in speaking of a people who are under condemnation by public clamor, which you seem to understand, you having expressed a thought of not having confidence in the masses as to the use of their own brains, etc.

You say, "It is to be feared that, in the course of a century, some gifted man like Paul, some splendid orator who will be able, by his eloquence, to attract crowds of the thousands who are ever-ready to hear and be carried away by the "sound-

ing brass and tinkling cymbal of sparkling oratory, may command a hearing, may succeed in breathing a new life into this modern Mohammedanism and make the name of the martyred Joseph ring as loud and stir the souls of men as much as the mighty name of 'Christ itself.'"

My dear lady, it is justice we are seeking, is it not?

Should some mighty Paul, or any grand orator, stir the souls of men as much so as the mighty name of Christ, would he not through his mighty efforts and power be entitled to an honest credit? I know people are led and have to be, some of them easily so, and if your fears are well founded is there not a danger that these masses may be led by some Paul, without reason, against the "Mormons," as well as for the "Mormons?"

People are not all fools, and if they are foolish they have a right to religious freedom in the "land of the free." Do you think it fair or just to the masses to say that they could be swayed from one side to the other without any thought on the subject for themselves, by Paul or any other mighty orator *whose words might be insincere* and thus make them "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals?"

Insincerity is the only basis for "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Then again, let me ask, who shall be the judge? What appears to one as truth may seem an error to another.

If the swaying of the masses rests entirely with

the orators, then a doubt may exist as to whether Paul's orations were true, or "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Paul was persecuted and misunderstood, and many others have been all along the line, down to Joseph Smith.

Christ, the Nazarene, was misunderstood, and crucified. Read chapter 15 of St. Mark, for a telling story on public clamor. They crucified Him, but the Truth was not destroyed.

Truth lives, error dies. Clamor may kill the man or the people, but whatever truth and goodness they breathed live on, and although buried for the time beneath the stone of bigotry, sooner or later justice will roll away the stone.

I know the "Mormons" have been and are misunderstood. Is there not a chance that the orations of today against the "Mormons" may be "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals?"

If one desires to do good in this world, the only way is to keep one's soul pure and honor-bright; to reason well and be sincere, then give whatever message you may have, in firmness and kindness, loud and long. It is not well to continually rail at others' faults; sometimes what we in our weak judgment think a fault may be a sublime truth or a virtue. History's pages bear me out in this. "Judge not that you be not judged."

I have but little to say about polygamy, only this. The entanglements of polygamy are dying away, and will soon be a thing of the past. This

question is being righted in an honorable, humane way. It's the only way.

I have made somewhat of a study of the various creeds and religions of today, and I assure you that the "Mormon" faith appeals to me as uplifting, pure and true as any other, and a little more so than some.

I believe, however, I have not been "carried away by the sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of sparkling oratory."

I believe in kindness, not abuse; in reason, not bigotry; in thoughtful speech, not in howling clamor. I am.

Yours very respectfully,
JOHN P. MEAKIN.

A MEDICAL STORY

We cannot all be alike nor see alike. What is one man's relish may be another man's finish.

I recall the story of a German being very ill with typhoid fever. A physician was called. He prescribed the usual treatment—"nothing to eat," etc.—and cautioned the nurse to be particular about this. During the night the nurse fell into a sweet sleep, and while in this happy state, the patient stealthily made his way to the pantry and ate nearly half a gallon of sauer kraut. He returned to his bed and rested well. The doctor, making his morning call, was surprised to find the German in a normal condition. The happy

man told his joy to the physician, and, in wonderment, the doctor held up his hands and exclaimed: "I have made a great medical discovery." In a few days the same doctor was called to the bedside of an Irishman, who was ill with the same dread disease. He then prescribed his new discovery—sauer kraut. In the morning the doctor called and found the Irishman dead.

The Pioneers.

EULOGY OF THE PATHFINDERS

Special to the News.

IONA, IDA., July 24, 1906.

Practically the entire population of this district is assembled here today to celebrate Pioneer Day. Idaho Falls is joining with Iona in the celebration and a great day is the result. Aside from the interesting program of sports and general festivities the address of John P. Meakin of Salt Lake was one of the features.

Mr. Meakin's address was well received, and when he concluded he was warmly congratulated upon his effort. His address in full was as follows:

Fifty-nine years ago today an exiled band of "Mormon" pioneers found themselves in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. These people were very poor, with no railroads or commerce to aid them, surrounded by savage tribes of Indians, in a wilderness of uncultivated plains or forests. By their own self-reliance and untiring energy, they have made of the wilderness a blooming garden, which is our home, and this in fifty-nine years.

You must remember that these advancements

and wonderful achievements have been accomplished with a clamorous, howling populace continually at their heels, barking and snapping at every move they made.

I have noticed that all movements for good arise out of opposition, repression and rebellion.

A NATION'S STRENGTH

Glancing down the vista of countless ages we are faced with the incontrovertable fact that the religious principle is the nucleus of a nation's strength, and that with the destruction of a prevailing belief comes the destruction of the prevailing power, even as the breaking away from the forms and traditions of the past signifies a new birth of a nation or sect.

"In the vista of ages vanished
In the tears and groans and strife—
In the turbulent pulse of the cosmos—
In the panting toil of life.
In the chaos all but formless
In the cloud that holds a rod,
In the dreary tread of ages,
I behold the hand of God."

To my mind all the achievements of men are but scant fragments of the great stupendous whole, for all through nature there is a continuous line from dense ignorance up to intelligence and wisdom.

VAIN SHOW OF POWER

At the time when Christianity was first introduced, the Epicurean adage, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," was at its height. All the conquests of Alexander, Julius Cæsar and others were for gain only. No attempt had been made to better the individual man. Thus they have all passed away, leaving behind them only the memory of a splendid pomp, a vain show of power, as hollow and false as the conquests they commemorate. All conquests for conquest's sake alone end in defeat.

EARLY HISTORY

The Roman Empire, under Augustus, was the culmination of Pagan civilization. About this time the lowly Nazarene was born and the Christian era, which was to revolutionize the European world, began. It taught morality instead of immorality; humbleness instead of arrogance; love and forgiveness instead of hate and revenge; peace instead of war, and the belief in the one and only God in place of the myriad hosts of gods. It scorned all pomp and show in its religious ceremonies, together with the pride of place, and subtleties of ambitious politicians. It gave to the slave the same religious liberty and recognition from his God as the master to whom he daily bent

the suppliant knee. Small wonder that it was opposed and persecuted, that its founder was crucified. The wonder still remains that it spread over the whole of Europe, until the emperor of Rome, Constantine, found it politic to embrace the new religion. History repeats itself, and so we find that as Christianity grew in numbers it lost in purity. The Church of Rome—the Spanish inquisition, and all the strange array of monstrosities that arose to gratify personal ambition, were in their turn defeated by the great men that necessity produced to swing aloft the torch of reason to enlighten mankind.

SOME GREAT MEN

Great men and great men have arisen, had their following, lived their day, and passed along to give others their little grain of truth and justice. All great men are inspired with a great belief, and all great men fail to be great by departing from the cause of humanity for selfish ambitions. Notable among modern instances stands Napoleon, splendid, majestic, and in chains. His memory is a living monument of misplaced power and kingly attainments, wedded to selfish ambitions and personal gain. We admire even as we pity the lone prisoner at St. Helena. What a tragedy, and at the same time what a travesty was the end of that wonderful man, dying alone and a prisoner; dead, being brought home in pomp and triumph.

Flowers showered over the unfeeling clay that was not blessed with one little posy during its last mortal career.

Yes, truly, all great men sum up the greatness of the people of their ages and live enough beyond their age to see into the future, then when the time is ripe a leader more bold and positive than the rest breaks out and makes a great commotion in his world. We move on, out of darkness into light.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

Christopher Columbus was such a one. He had a scientific brain combined with a dreamy, visionary temperament. He believed he was divinely called to carry Christianity into India. His very name symbolized to him that he was a modern Christ—Christo meaning Christ or Savior, and Colombo signifying pigeon carrier, thus made to convey the meaning of "messenger of Christ." Yes, we may safely say, it was the religious sentiment that gave us a new world, for nothing short of a belief in supernatural aid could have helped him to triumph over difficulty added unto difficulty and to finally overcome the dark fears rife among the masses at that period concerning the unknown deep, peopled with all the accumulated horrors of superstitious ages, and in spite of them, fit out vessels to sail thereon, and finally gain, not only his purpose, but a new world. This prep-

aration for a new nation by discovering a new country came into existence at a time when Europe was in contest between Catholic and Protestant powers, when "free thought" was rife, and the people were beginning to demand more religious freedom. Out of this demand and its refusal came the migrations of the pilgrim fathers, the Hugenots, the Acadians, the former seeking that emancipation of thought, which induced them to break away from the old home and seek a new one. Then they in turn sought to restrict thought and to oppress their brethren, until there were other outbreaks and other colonies were established, and finally two long wars, one with the mother country to secure political freedom or liberty, and the other a civil war for the abolition of human slavery. We came to the fair condition of liberal civilization we enjoy today. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

TRUTH IN ALL

This preamble has been made that we may see that truth is embodied in nearly all radical changes, no matter how mixed with error they may be, also to lay the way for a fuller understanding and more tolerant view of the much misrepresented and not understood "Mormon" question.

GROWTH OF "MORMONISM"

Now let us wander back and in imagination

stop the great clock of time. Let us command the huge pendulum to cease its swaying. Let us set back the mighty hands of the years for about three-quarters of a century and view with our own eyes the beginning and growth of this religion dubbed "Mormonism," properly termed the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." Seventy-five or eighty years ago New York was comparatively a new country. Ohio and Illinois were for the most part a wilderness. The Missouri River bounded the limits of the United States. The land of Utah beyond, though explored several centuries before, by the Spanish, followed two hundred and fifty years later by the friars, Dominguez and Escalante, and fifty years later, 1778, by trappers, then in 1843 by Fremont; the country at this time was being held by the Aborigines and was not peopled except by savage tribes, and still more savage beasts, besides being cut off from the east by a trackless desert.

In the far east there began to evolve a new phase of society, a new religion that this uninhabited wilderness full of wonderful unclaimed resources might be claimed and taken possession of. The home of the Utes was to be subdued, not by the love of things material, but by that mysterious agency which is ever at work within the souls of men, causing them to court exposure, cold, hunger, ignominy and death. It was that something we all question of, reason about, suffer for and know little or nothing about, called

immortality. This incomprehensible dream of spirituality that consumes the hearts of mortals was the instrument of power that caused a new Israel to arise, a new exodus of the human family to be conducted and a new Canaan to be attained.

BIRTH OF JOSEPH SMITH

In the year 1805 was born in Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, a blue-eyed, fair baby-boy, Joseph Smith, who was destined to be the founder of a new form of religion.

He was of a poetic temperament from babyhood, his father was a farmer, and the boy would often leave the plow, and like Joan of Arc, listen to the "voices." The fanaticism of the time, the atmosphere of superstition, the un-Christian-like conduct of each so-called Christian against his diffierently believing brother, all these things must be taken into account in studying the birth and growth of "Mormonism."

The people of our time cannot deal justice to the people of another time, without measuring the advance that thought has made and deducting that advance. All the preachers and most of the people laughed at Joseph Smith—abused him, called him silly, said his vision was of the devil, if he really had one. They said signs and revelations were of by-gone days, etc. "Nevertheless I have had a vision," persisted the young man, Joseph Smith. Opposition, villification and mobs

grew apace. Joseph Smith was persecuted and threatened even in his boyhood days by men who were supposed to be his brethren in Christ, for his daring to say that he was a prophet of God.

ORGANIZATION OF CHURCH

Time rolled on, and eventually the Church was organized with six members, at Fayette, Seneca County, New York. On the first day of June, 1830, the first conference was held, and the church consisted of thirty members. Then came a series of arrests and trials of Joseph Smith, charging him with all kinds of crimes. In all cases he was acquitted, says Bancroft, the historian. The "Mormons" now organized into missionaries and began to preach throughout the States. In 1831 they had traveled over fifteen thousand miles on foot, carrying their effects on their backs, preaching and exhorting until tens of thousands had listened, and hundreds were organized into branches.

The leaders and their teachings were surely upbuilding, and if not for the strength of their character they would many times have been swept off the face of the earth. Their sufferings were beyond description in words. Would that I had the ability and the time to tell of the horrors and savage warfare all along the line against this people, as vile as any ever perpetrated in America. They migrated and were abused all

along from New York to Kirtland, Ohio, to Independence, Mo., then to Illinois.

On June 27, 1844, at Carthage, Illinois, the mob did its worst by murdering Joseph Smith, the prophet and leader, and his brother Hyrum, the patriarch.

BRIGHAM YOUNG

Brigham Young was born in the little town of Whitingham, Windham County, Vermont, June 1, 1801. The century that ushered this great man into this world of ours was the most marvelous in the history of mankind. Man explored the heights and depths of knowledge, penetrated to the darkest corners of the earth, and peered into the heavens for the secrets of the universe. At the dawning of the nineteenth century America only had a population of five and a half million souls, now it boasts of a population of eighty millions. There was not a mile of steam railroad in the United States; now the nation possesses over a quarter of a million miles, almost half the railroad mileage of the world.

Brigham Young grew into a sturdy manhood, strong in body and in mind. By vocation he was a painter and glazier, a Methodist in religion. He joined the "Mormon" church on the 14th day of April, 1832; he became one of the twelve apostles on February 14, 1835, and forthwith he entered upon his eventful and successful career.

Brigham Young knew the meaning of the word "friendship," and he was a staunch friend of the prophet Joseph Smith. He traversed the Eastern States and Canada, preaching and crying in the wilderness of sin, for the people to hearken unto the new religion. His success speaks for itself.

After the death of Joseph Smith he became president of the church. In 1846 President Brigham Young and his associates set about preparing for the journey of the pioneers to the Rocky Mountains.

THE PIONEERS

The line of the emigrating hosts soon stretched from the Missouri river to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, headed by that fearless pioneer, faithful friend and courageous leader, Brigham Young.

There are few more touching pictures in all the world's annals than that journey of those devoted men and women to Utah. They were a sturdy band of people. They had been crushed out of civilization and hurled naked and desolate upon the breast of the wilderness. Behind them a flaming sword of prejudice was upraised. There could be no return for them, destitute as they were they faced the unknown.

Neither with tongue nor pen can men depict the sufferings, the sorrows and hardships of this noble band of pioneers. The scene continually

before them was of such desolation as would have been despair to any other people. The sunlight only was bright above them; only trust, hope and song kept their hearts from breaking, and yet these people are called by some misinformed people and disgruntled politicians a menace to the nation.

As a citizen of Utah, a lover of my state and country, I resent the insult with all my strength, and with all my soul, that such a people or their generation could be a menace to the American government. The bettering of human kind is not a menace to any nation, which has for its principles liberty, truth and justice to all its people—this is what our flag represents.

Most Americans forget that the pioneers were also Americans, fleeing from prejudice into an unknown land, even as their ancestors had fled from England in the Mayflower.

These grand old souls turned their faces toward the setting sun; they crossed the trackless plains; they climbed the mighty mountains, descended on the other side with tired feet and half-starved, compelled at times to feed on roots and barks, working a trail as they advanced. They marched westward, day after day, not knowing where they were going. They only knew they were on the way. They finally arrived at the place known as Utah. The trail can be traced now from the Missouri River to Salt Lake by lonely mounds. As they emerged from Emigra-

tion canyon, they shouted for joy as they gazed on the valley and the lake. Here, on the barren soil, July 24, 1847, Brigham Young lifted his hand and exclaimed, "In the name of Israel's God, this is the spot; here we will make our home." This little band of one hundred and forty-three men, three women and two children, out in the desert, with only the blue above them, formed a circle with their dilapidated wagons, and then a few brave men took their positions as sentinels of protection against wolves and Indians.

That night as the sun went down these exiles formed a circle within the camp and on their knees with hands uplifted they held a praise service to Almighty God for the watch He had kept over them, and from the sod they looked through tears and with anguish up to God and dedicated their lives to the development of their new desert home to ceaseless toil, without a dream of luxury.

The desert of Utah was then in Mexican territory, and these abused "Mormons" flung to the breeze for the first time the Stars and Stripes of the United States—America. And the old song is still in the air, "The busy bees of deseret are still around the hive." The word "deseret" is said to have been taken from the Egyptian, meaning honey bee. "Et" means a small desert, hence the word "Deseret." The original name of Utah was the State of Deseret.

Brigham Young adopted for his coat-of-arms

a lion and a beehive. Surely the "Mormons" have had the strength of the lion and the industry of the bee, and they are still as they at first styled themselves to be, "the busy bees of Deseret."

COPIED FROM "MORMONS"

When one stops to think that foreign emigration has been largely from the uneducated districts of Europe, the civilizing influences can be readily estimated.

The colonization schemes of the Salvation Army and numerous other organizations have copied their systems from the "Mormons."

The people of the East in a sense are not to blame for the silly and awful things they have been made to believe about Utah and its people. They have heard only one side of the story, and while the crowd is shouting "Crucify, Crucify," it is a difficult task to get a hearing. When clamor gets agoing, justice and charity are relegated to the rear. It takes a great many truths to wipe out the trail of one lie.

ALL NATIONALITIES

Among the people of the "Mormon" church are to be found nearly every nationality under the sun—the emigration being largest from England, Denmark, Sweden and from all parts of the United States. The "Mormon" religion is a prac-

tical one, and irrespective of beliefs, it has been a blessing to thousands of people, homes, school houses and churches have been builded the people have been educated and lifted up to higher plains of life. The "Mormon" church believes in building here on earth; its business is not confined to the clouds; it helps men to help themselves. It did not take the rich and make them poor, it took the poor and made them rich.

I appreciate most fully the sentiment, "He who stoops above the fallen stands erect," but in my estimation he who keeps a man from falling performs a nobler work. Then why not encourage an institution that keeps men from falling? Eighty per cent of the "Mormon" people of Utah and surrounding states own their own homes, and the educational status of the entire community ranks second in the United States.

A person or a people who possess superior characteristics, or who have won victories, become targets for criticism. They stand out in the sunlight, and the crowd in the valleys below look up and grin and "cuss."

There are spots on the face of the sun. There are spots on the faces of many pretty girls. Many people see nothing but the spots and freckles.

LOOKING FOR SUN SPOTS

There are thousands of people in this partially civilized world who look for sun spots. The

dazzling orb, with its life-giving elements, its beauty and its splendor, count for naught because occasional spots are found upon its surface.

Envious detraction, devilish jealousy, is the motive power that has set evil tongues and vile mouths sputtering poison over all these United States about the Utah people. Utah people! you must prove by your every-day life that you are good, for everybody assumes that you are bad.

JUDGED BY THEIR FRUITS

No matter how erroneous a clamoring crowd may claim the "Mormon" beliefs or convictions to be, we as citizens will answer their shouts by holding up to their gaze our achievements, and say to them, "A tree must be judged by its fruits," and from this basis Utah and her people are ready and willing to pass the ordeal.

Let us celebrate and rejoice in the many blessings of today. Let us do honor to the old pioneer. He rests beneath the sod. Let us pay the debt of gratitude we owe or we are ungrateful and dishonest. We must pay it to the present and future generations by living up to the admonitions of the "Mormon" thirteenth article of faith. If we do this we shall not be very far from the mark of a stirling manhood, irrespective of creed, or nationality. It reads, "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous,

and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

SLEEP, OLD PIONEER

By Will M. Carleton

(Which is most appropriate for this occasion.)

When the springtime touch is lightest—
When the summer-eyes are brightest,
  Or the autumn sings most drear;
When the winter's hair is whitest—
  Sleep, old pioneer!
Safe beneath the sheltering soil,
  Late enough you crept;
You were weary of the toil,
  Long before you slept.
Well you paid for every blessing,
  Bought with grief each day of cheer—
Nature's arms around you pressing,
Nature's lips your brow caressing;
  Sleep, old pioneer!

When the hill of toil was steepest,
When the forest frown was deepest,
  Poor, but young, you hastened here;

Came where solid hope was cheapest—
  Came a pioneer,
Made the western jungles view
  Civilization's charms;
Snatched a home for yours and you,
  From the lean tree arms.
Toil had never cause to doubt you—
  Progress' path you helped to clear;
But today forgets about you,
And the world rides on without you—
  Sleep, old pioneer!

Careless crowds go daily past you,
Where their future fate has cast you,
  Leaving not a sigh nor tear,
And your wonder-works outlast you,
  Brave old pioneer!
Little care the selfish throng
  Where your heart is hid,
Though they thrive upon the strong,
  Resolute work it did.
But our memory eyes have found you,
  And we hold you grandly dear;
With no work-day woes to wound you—
With the peace of God around you—
  Sleep, old pioneer!

(This address contains not only my Twenty-fourth of July oration at Iona, Idaho, but important parts of my lecture, delivered in the East and elsewhere. I found it necessary to arrange the same under the one heading.)

Music in Utah.

It has been said that "music hath charms." Indeed it has! Utah has the singer and the song. We are a community of singers. Utah is the Italy of America.

Music gives us courage on life's uneven highway.

Music cheers the faint and weary.

Music lulls the babe into dreamland.

Music makes the heart tender.

Music smoothes the passage to the grave.

Music refines the home and draws the family together in tender sentiments of reverence and aspiration.

Music awakens heroic virtues and arouses in the sluggish breast, enthusiasm.

Music gives a distinctive force in social ranks.

Music stirs the soul and unfolds the mental vision to the highest ideals of character.

Music! Without its divine power, human life would fade away and men and women become automatons, heartless and cold.

EVAN STEPHENS AND THE "MORMON" CHOIRS.

There are in Utah over a thousand choirs, there being one in every chapel or ward, besides

Sabbath Schools and M. I. A. choirs. Each choir numbers from twenty to fifty in wards, tabernacle choirs from seventy-five to five hundred, the tabernacle choir in Salt Lake City numbering the latter. These choirs sing mostly hymns and anthems, glees and choruses, sacred and secular, the latter being used chiefly for entertainments.

The class of music used varies from the four-part hymn tune to the chief and grandest choruses from the classic oratorios and operas. The repertoire of the Tabernacle choir of Salt Lake City, including the most select and best choruses from the (German) Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Gluck and Weber, etc., (Italian) Verdi, Donezetti Belinni, Rosinni, Mascagni, Pucinni, etc., (Russian) Glinka, (French) Gounod, Bizett, Thomas, Massanette, Auber and Saint Saens, (English) Sullivan, Randegger. Parry , Stainer, and our American Buck, Parker, Chadwick and others. And side by side with the choicest of these are compositions by our own local composers, Stephens, Daynes, Thomas, Careless, Beesley, McClellan, Shepherd and others whose works do not suffer in comparison with their classic companions.

In an instrumental way we have cabinet organs and pianos in the majority of homes—the latter now fast taking the place of the former. Brass and military bands are common. Our Symphony orchestra in Salt Lake, with Prof. Mc-

Clellan director, gives four concerts a year, and numbers sixty men. It is a fast-growing factor in our music.

The Tabernacle pipe organ is one of the largest and best in the country. Has cost about $100,000.00, the original great case and instrument having been built at great cost even before there was a railway within one thousand miles. It was built and voiced by a "Mormon," who still resides in Salt Lake City, and the original tone quality was declared to be the finest possible, by all great artists traveling through—its diapason even excelling that of its present tone remodeled, every modern appliance being now added at the expense of $15,000.00.

We have young men and ladies well schooled in music, many of them thoroughly schooled in Paris, Berlin, London, New York and Boston, though the home trained article, in several instances, yet hold their own.

For example, Evan Stephens, though born in Wales, and having had a review of his personal unaided studies for about one year under Prof. Chadwick and Whiting, of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, was raised in Utah, and, unaided, mastered Harmony, Counterpoint and Composition, besides acquainting himself with nearly all of the great composers' works up to date. He is the acknowledged leading conductor and such great traveling conductors as Sousa, Gilmore, Theodore Thomas, Duss

and others who have met him and heard his choir, have given him the warmest praise, as have such artists as Paderewski, Rosenthal, Nordica, Patti, Melba and others who have performed there under his baton.

Music is taught in all the city schools in the state, and in very many country schools. This has been the case in Salt Lake City for nearly twenty years, when Prof. Stephens first introduced it as a regular study.

Utah produces exceptionally fine voices, and much attention is now given to properly training the human voice. So you perceive that in a choral line, especially for worship, we are away in the lead, and we are well abreast with even New England in all other lines, excepting the Boston Symphony orchestra and two or three of the Oratorio societies, to catch up with which, in their special lines of work, we must await a larger population, though for detached chorus work, it is doubtful if our Tabernacle choir is excelled by the best. Before the present conductor was in charge three years they had won second prize at a world contest in Chicago, (the public and critics present freely awarded them *first.*)

More good music can be heard *free* in Salt Lake City than in any other city in America, recitals being given almost daily in the great Tabernacle, for travelers, the great choir singing three Sundays in the month. This, added to num-

berless recitals and ward entertainments, keeps the city in a constant uproar of music, and all without money and without price.

Our aim, musically, is to excel the world in this refined and divine art, as a *whole* people, not merely the select few. The psalmist says, "Let the *people* praise Him;" "Let *all* the people praise Him," is Utah's motto. One teacher alone in Salt Lake City (Evan Stephens) has had for training over thirty thousand (30,000) during the past twenty-four years. This is how we can have a regular choir of five hundred voices "without money and without price," in the Tabernacle, (and he could in a month more than double the number if desirable, and that out of a "Mormon" population of perhaps under 30,000. We could be isolated from all the world, and yet have the highest musical ideals to pattern after, and continue to grow into a musical, artistic people of the first rank. But we prefer to be in touch with the world and partake of the fruits of genius from all lands, making all that is *good* our own.

What Boston is to the East in musical culture, Salt Lake City is growing to be for the West—sweet music everywhere.

JOHN J. McCLELLAN.

In devoting a brief space to this splendid man, John J. McClellan, I do so in friendship's name,

as a lover of the artistic and to pay a purely friendly tribute to a friend, a man whose geniality and unaffected mastery in the divine art of music, at the great organ, piano or in composition, stamps him as one of the fixed stars, growing brighter every day in the unfolding process of development.

The birth into the soul of things, of what we call genius, requires ages to bring it forth into the light of life.

The harmonizing influences of strength in body, simplicity in character and sublimity of mind, are the controlling elements in the production of a well-balanced man, an artist and earnest soul such as we find in John J. McClellan.

Born in the state of Utah at a period of its life when nature in response to the will power and determined efforts of the pioneers, began to respond by pouring forth into the laps of her Utah children her bounteous gifts and in melodious voice she burst into songs of love, rewarding the old settlers and welcoming the new born into a land of peace and plenty.

John J. McClellan came into this world at Payson, about 65 miles south of Salt Lake City, a pretty little country town, cheered by babbling brooks and mellow sunshine, beautiful with trees and flowers, surrounded by mountains and peopled by good, honest country folks. Such were his parents and John was welcomed with songs of joy into the home, on April 20, 1874.

The baby grew apace, and as soon as the mother had taught him his first baby footsteps, in childish glee he toddled toward the organ and from his baby touch came forth a concord of sweet sounds.

He is now traveling on toward the 35th milestone on life's highway, the summit of manhood, the half way point of the allotted space of three score years and ten. From boy to man a golden chord has linked each succeeding year, blending the whole in one harmonious symphony.

Today his cheery words and his music reveal the soul and genius of the man, an artist, a genial companion and a faithful friend.

He began his musical studies at the age of ten and one year later he was organist of the church in his native town.

He worked and studied as best he could, until at the age of seventeen, without a competent teacher, until the soul of ambition whispered into his youthful ear, "Go into the musical world and study with the masters."

The breaking of home ties took place on July 9th, 1891, his destination being Saginaw, Michigan. Here he studied under the eminent German master, Albert W. Platte, and soon he was engaged to play in some of the great churches with his musical soul expanding in glorious splendor.

He then entered the Ann Arbor Conservatory of Music, where he became a piano pupil of Johann Erich Schmaal, also studying theory and

organ with Prof. Stanley, director of the school. A year and a half later the great Spanish pianist, Albert Jonas, became head of the piano school, and Mr. McClellan advanced rapidly under the direction of this master teacher.

After completing his studies in the East, his soul yearned for the West. The song of the mountains echoed in his heart and brain and called him back to the valleys of Utah, "Home, Sweet Home."

In September, 1896, Prof. McClellan opened a studio in Salt Lake City. Three years later, in August, 1899, accompanied by his wife, he left for Berlin, where he spent a year with Xaver Scharwenka, the noted Hungarian pianist, and also under Ernest Jedliczka, the Russian master. Since his return home he has been the leading spirit in developing the divine art of music in Utah.

As a composer, Prof. McClellan occupies a high plain, many of his compositions having been enthusiastically received.

As organist at the Tabernacle under the direction of the First Presidency of the Church, he inaugurated a series of free semi-weekly organ recitals, and for several years thousands of tourists and local citizens have enjoyed and been made nobler beings by the sublime music bursting into song from the deft touch of my artist friend, John J. McClellan.

Space forbids me telling of the victories won

by this gifted man. They are many, and are recorded in many books; read them.

May the next thirty-five years be a continuous unfoldment in all that is pure and good in this man's life. Then genius will hold sway and the career of John J. McClellan will have proved a rich blessing to human-kind.

"Time wrecks the proudest piles we raise,
The towers, the domes, the temples fall,
The fortress crumbles and decays,
One breath of song outlasts them all."

THE CAMBRIANS

The historian of the future, in dealing with the subject of music, in the State of Utah, will, without a doubt, have considerable to say of the Cambrian Association of Salt Lake City.

This association was founded in 1892, having for one of its objects the development of music—something dear to the heart and soul of every true man and woman.

Three highly successful Eisteddfods—a festival of the very highest character—have been given in Salt Lake City under the direction and management of the Cambrian Society. The first was held in the fall of 1895, another in 1898, and one in October of 1908.

They were all largely attended and the results for good in the cause of music can hardly be estimated. Each Eisteddfod raised the standard

of music to a still higher plane, and at the same time brought out talent that, except for the means thus afforded, might have been lying dormant to this day.

A common expression in Wales—the birthplace and home of the Eisteddfod—is, when referring to some noted artist, "He (or she, as the case may be) is a child of the Eisteddfod." Even in the short space of thirteen years right here in Utah the same reference can in all truth be made to many of our best artists—some of whom have made for themselves a reputation in places abroad. Miss Emma Lucy Gates, Miss Nannie Tout, Mrs. Emma Ramsey-Morris, Charles Kent and many others first came into prominence as competitors at the Eisteddfod, and therefore must be now regarded as graduates of this worthy institution, known throughout the civilized world as promotive of all that is good and elevating among the children of men. The following well-known citizens comprise the officers and directors of the Cambrian Association:

Arthur L. Thomas, President; David L. Davis, Vice President; Harry F. Evans, Secretary; John James, Corresponding Secretary; Nephi L. Morris, Treasurer; Wm. N. Williams, Walter J. Lewis, T. F. Thomas, Thomas E. Jeremy, Mathonihah Thomas, Wm. D. Prosser. Since the inception of the organization three deaths have occurred among the members, viz., Elias Morris, George G. Bywater, and David John. They were

all men of sterling integrity and character, greatly beloved by their associates and the citizens of Utah generally.

In conclusion let me propose that we raise our hats to the Cambrian Association and at the same time let us all hope that its usefulness in the cause of the greatest and grandest of arts may continue without interruption in the years yet to come. To each individual member I say:

"May the blesings of health,
The enjoyment of wealth,
With a nice little portion of pleasure,
With a home full of love,
And the blessings from above,
Be showered on thee without measure.
And year after year, may thy blessings increase;
And thy passage thro' life be a mission of peace."

THE SALT LAKE CHORAL SOCIETY

The Salt Lake Choral Society was organized August 6, 1908, for the purpose of competing for the grand prize in the fourth National Eisteddfod, which was held in the "Mormon" Tabernacle October 1, 2, 3, 1908. Although badly handicapped in many ways, this chorus was one of the chief contenders for first place and lost to the Denver Competition Chorus only by a very close margin, Denver being first and Salt Lake second.

Encouraged by the excellent showing made,

the officials decided to make the organization permanent and increase the membership to two hundred voices, the original number being one hundred and twenty-five. While the chorus originally had the active support of the most of the professional singers in the city, the new membership has added materially to the efficiency of the body and a magnificent chorus is now working for the advancement of music in the state of Utah.

Some of the aims and objects of the society as set forth in the Articles of Incorporation are "to establish and carry on a society that will promote and elevate among its members and the general public the art of music, especially in matters of choral, oratorial, operatic and solo singing, and to promote whatever may be for the general welfare of the community, and in connection therewith to enter into such transactions as may be deemed necessary to carry out the objects of the society." While this "declaration of aims and objects" is necessarily very general in its character, it gives an idea as to what the organization expects to accomplish.

While the society will do all in its power to promote the interests of muisc wherever possible, the main object will, of course, be the rendition of great oratorios, operas, cantatas, etc. At the present writing the chorus is preparing the "Elijah," possibly the greatest of all oratorios, for rendition at a midwinter music festival. Selec-

tions from some of the Wagner operas will also be sung at that time. The chorus will also be a prominent feature of the annual spring music festival held in Salt Lake each year. Soloists for these occasions will be selected from among the members, many of whom are vocalists of national reputation.

Mr. John J. McClellan, organist of the "Mormon" Tabernacle, and also conductor of the Salt Lake Symphony orchestra, is director of the chorus. A brilliant musician, well trained and equipped for the work, Mr. McClellan will doubtless make of the Salt Lake Choral Society one of the foremost musical organizations of the west, if not the entire country.

The Choral Society is not under the direction or control of any reilgious organization. Its membership embraces people with varied beliefs from the various church choirs of the city and of no church or choir. Good character is the passport. Catholics, "Mormons," Methodists, Baptists, Jews and other denominations make up its singing forces. The Choral Society is purely fraternal. The advancement of music is the sole object of the organization, and religious differences are not thought of. Regular weekly rehearsals are held, and with the repertoire being constantly added to, the chorus will, in the near future, be one of the finest in America and will be open to compete with the great choruses of the world.

Scattered Leaves.

If any one has an idea that the people of Utah live in log huts, or hovels, and that Salt Lake City is a frontier town, here are a few pointers toward the light of truth:

Salt Lake City has now a thoroughly organized method of informing the inquiring public regarding the resources and possibilities that are to be found in Utah.

The Salt Lake Real Estate Association was organized in October, 1903, for the purpose of improving the conditions of the realty market and to promote and encourage any movement that would assist in the upbuilding of the city and state.

It was first to establish and maintain a Bureau of Exhibits of Utah's wealth and resources, which subsequently was consolidated with the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Association, and the State Fair, under the name of the "Chamber of Commerce," which has been visited by over 15,000 tourists and visitors.

Inquiries from all parts of the Union are answered daily and appropriate literature forwarded.

Utah mines have paid a little more than $80,000,000.00 in dividends.

We have a small crop of "knockers," but they are being weeded out. The crop of boosters is growing.

Utah produced 265,000 barrels of salt in 1908, and its people are the salt of the earth.

Utah coal mines produced in 1908, 1,967,651 tons.

There are 2,135,000 acres of land under irrigation, with 20,000,000 more that may be irrigated. About two-thirds of Utah's population engages in agriculture.

Value of agriculture and livestock produced in 1908, $50,000,000.00.

Some people seem to think that by advertising Salt Lake City as the mouth of "Hell," people will flock here to make their homes. It's a mean lie and a silly idea.

There are four first-class theatres in Salt Lake City and a score of moving picture houses.

The City and County building, a magnificent structure, cost $955,000.00.

Salt Lake City has six daily newspapers and ten weeklies.

There are fifteen church bodies and forty-four churches. "In my Father's house are many mansions," no one need be left out in the cold.

Utah's metal output for 1907 was 51,638,409.03.

Beautiful Liberty Park contains 100 acres.

The city's elevation above the sea is 4,354 feet.

Municipal Improvements for 1907, $1,200,000.00.

Area of city, including reservation, 47 square miles.

Five railroads enter the city.

There are in the free library 38,000 volumes (September 1st).

Bank clearings in 1907, $297,577,300.00.

Harriman is with us and we have 94 miles of electric street railroad.

We have more beautiful women in Utah in the radius of a ten acre block than can be found in a ten-mile square in any other part of the country.

Climate! finest in all the world, four seasons, well defined and delightfully beautiful. Just right for raising sturdy men and beautiful women.

The "busy bees in Utah" in 1908 made 3,000,000 pounds of honey.

Utah's best crop—Children.

OUT TO OL' SALT LAKE

Nice to take a flyin' trip
Out to ol' Salt Lake,
Nice to feel the "Mormon" grip
In a hearty shake.
Valley blossoms as the rose,

Every gentle breeze that blows
Some new floral gems disclose,
Bloomin' fur the cake.

Once it was a desert wild,
Out to ol' Salt Lake,
Foot of man had not defiled
Mount or sagey brake.
But the hosts of Zion came,
Sturdy sire an' patient dame,
An' in great Jehovah's name
Drove the progress stake.

Tilled the fields with brain an' brawn,
Out to ol' Salt Lake,
Wielded from the early dawn
Plough an' hoe an' rake.
Laughed in trouble's frownin' face,
Kep' their courage right in place,
Nerve built on a solid base
Nothin' couldn't shake.

Diff'rent in these later days,
Out to ol' Salt Lake,
Songs of gratitude an' praise
All the echoes wake.
Not a care to cloud the soul,
Nothin' bitter in the bowl,
Waves of plenty seem to roll
'Thout a painful break.

See a city proud an' grand,
Out to ol' Salt Lake,
Nerve an' muscle hand in hand
Played an' won the stake.
"Mormon" Saints an' Gentiles seem
Hitched up in a double team,
Workin' every pound o' steam
Fur Progression's sake.

Cupid doesn't swing his bow
Out to ol' Salt Lake,
In the style of long ago—
Used to take the cake.
One good pardner now appears
Quite enough; the Saintly peers
No more keep a herd of dears
For appearance sake.

Live in peace an' harmony,
Brethren give an' take,
Very seldom that you see
A discordant break.
When they hear the final trump,
Mighty apt to see 'em jump
Into glory in a lump,
Out to ol' Salt Lake,

—*James Barton Adams, in Denver Post.*

The Great Salt Lake.

This body of water is one of the wonders of the world. It covers two thousand five hundred square miles, and its greatest depth is about thirty-three feet. The water of this lake carries about twenty per cent of salt. For this reason nothing lives in it, except a tiny shrimp, no larger than the head of a pin.

This salt water is of a beautiful greenish shade, very clear and buoyant. Bathers can float without effort—no danger of drowning. Of course, you can strangle, but as this is a more uncommon death, we recommend it as something novel and new.

It is an interesting body of water and will ever be one of the curious sights in Utah. It has several inlets, but no outlet, all the water that escapes being by evaporation.

Upon the shores of the Great Salt Lake are built various summer resorts, Saltair being the most prominent. This resort, however, is not exactly built upon the shore, but is extended by means of piers out into the water. The pavilion stands upon piles about 4,000 feet from the shore line, and is said to be the largest bathing pavilion in the world.

Though the architecture of this structure is moorish in design, it is serviceable and substantial.

The pavilion cost $350,000.00. It's length is one thousand two hundred feet, and its extreme width is three hundred sixty-five feet. The highest tower rises one hundred thirty feet above the surface of the water. The lower floor is used principally for lunching and refreshments. Upon this floor we also find the various amusements relative to a summer resort.

The upper, or dancing floor, is one of the largest in the world, being 140 by 250 feet, without pillar or obstruction of any kind. Arched over this is an oval roof similar to the roof of the tabernacle, but very much larger. This immense arch is illumined by thousands of incandescent lights. On the dancing space, one thousand couples can, without discomfiture, trip the light fantastic to the strains of delightful music, making a scene of magnificent splendor.

During the season of 1908 the Saltair management added to its list of attractions, a ten-lap bicycle track, called a colliseum. This is a steel structure upon cement piles. The track proper is built upon scientific principles, being made of pine, and each board is so laid that the entire track surface is composed of the edges instead of the broad surfaces.

The roof is in harmony with the great dancing pavilion, the same arched roof design being car-

ried out. By means of sliding windows, both people and track can be protected from the weather.

One of the most pleasing features is that it is so brilliantly lighted that one can see distinctly every portion of the track, riders and spectators. It has a seating capacity of about 5,000.

Utah is justly proud of beautiful Saltair and its many pleasing features.

Saltair was built by the "Mormons."

Educational.

Utah is noted for its interest in education. Its public school system ranks among the best in America. There exists a healthy public school sentiment from one end of the state to the other. This sentiment has found substantial expression in the erection of school buildings of the most highly approved sanitary plans and architectural designs, and in the payment of salaries sufficiently remunerative to secure a teaching force of exceptionally high merit. No effort has been spared nor means withheld which would contribute to the proper education of the child. The common schools are free to every child in the state between the ages of six and eighteen years, the high schools of the cities are free to all regardless of age, and even the text books are free to every child in the schools of primary and grammar grade. Salt Lake City possesses twenty-seven school buildings, which, for general excellence, are not outclassed in the United States. Some of these structures have cost from $75,000 to $125,000. The school property of the city is valued at $1,550,958.24. As the city has a school population of twenty thousand one hundred and twenty-five, it will be noted that

about $100 is standing as a school investment for every child of school age. Salt Lake City employs in the public schools 415 teachers. All of the prominent educators of this country who have investigated the schools of Salt Lake City have pronounced them not only equal to any that exist in other cities of America, but ahead of nearly all of them. The Salt Lake City grade schools were awarded a gold medal at the Universal Exposition at St. Louis, the highest award obtainable, and the Salt Lake High School was awarded a silver medal. The distinguished superintendent of the public schools of St. Louis freely states that the Salt Lake schools are an example for the schools of all the cities of the United States to pattern after in regard to methods, scholastic attainments and progressive ways.

But it is not in Salt Lake City alone where the public school work has achieved such marked distinction. The rural districts, if such they can be called, are well supplied with modern buildings and with other necessary facilities for first-class work. When the "Mormons" established themselves in the valleys of Utah they founded their settlements at the mouths of the canyon streams, and they had for their farm tracts of land stretching from those settlements as far as the water would irrigate the soil. This plan of settlement has prevailed from the days of the pioneers until the present time, and it has resulted in the building up of little cities instead of large plantations.

Most of the settlements, or little cities as they are now properly called, have from one thousand to five thousand inhabitants. The people live near to each other, and consequently enjoy social and educational advantages which sparsely settled regions can not bring forth. To this plan of settlement perhaps more than to any other one thing, is due the superiority of the rural schools of Utah. Even in the remotest districts, schoolhouses ranging in value from $5,000 to $20,000 are by no means uncommon. In the school system a unity runs from the kindergarten to the State University. The certificate of promotion from the eighth grade entitles its holder to entrance in the public high school. Likewise the person holding the public high school certificate is admitted and given credit at the State University for his work. In addition to the schools enumerated there are the State Agricultural College, the State Normal School, the State School of Mines, and the State School for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind, each of which received high recognition at the St. Louis Exposition by educational experts. Of private and denominational schools, Utah has its full share. That they compare most favorably with the private schools elsewhere is a matter of common knowledge. The charge, therefore, that in Utah ignorance prevails, has but little effect on persons familiar with conditions there. They know that such a charge is not substantiated by the facts.

"What Ails this Town."

NOT UNDERSTOOD

"Not understood we move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
While life is life, and then we fall asleep
Not understood."

In a local newspaper there recently appeared an article under the caption,"What Ails this Town?" We will grant that there is something wrong with Salt Lake City. There are many, perhaps, like myself, think they can point out "What Ails this Town."

If we could all respond to the biblical command: "Come let us reason together," be assured our troubles and heart-burnings could all be righted, the flower of friendship would grow and blossom in our hearts, and the white dove of peace would perch upon the olive branch with prosperity and plenty as our happy lot. Thousands would come from all parts of the world to make their home with us here in the valleys of Utah.

When we consider the climate and the charming location of our city, combined with the na-

tural advantages with which we are blessed and surrounded, it seems to me as though a song of gladness would well up from the heart of everyone who dwells in these beautiful valleys under the protecting care of these sublime and lofty mountains, yet we are at sword's points and daily a stream of poisonous tales go out, all of which are gulped down by the people of our country, until our state is looked upon as a land of vice, viciousness and vulgarity, which is an absolute lie, and then the question is asked, "What Ails this Town?"

Under the present status of affairs our city cannot grow and thrive as it naturally should. The main trouble that ails our town, rests in the steady misrepresentation by illiberal people, which causes continually a misunderstanding between the people of the East and the "Mormon" people of the West.

Remove the cause and the effect will be beneficial to us all. The "Mormons" have for years been a target for a certain class of ambitious men whose supposed mission is that of love. They have been set apart to follow the Master, whose teachings were of kindness and non-resistance, who proclaimed from the mountain side for people to even "love their enemies."

Many of these men carry the lessons under their arms, but not in their hearts. In chapter xviii of Exodus, their law book, is found this admonition:

"Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among the people."

Yet they heed it not. Men who have accepted the generous hospitality of the "Mormon" people, men who have grown fat and sleek on Utah's yellow-legged chickens, have made it a regular paying business to go up and down and peddle the vilest and silliest stories about the life and history of Utah.

Utah has been long-suffering and kind, no other state would tolerate without some resistance the abusive lies continually told. Any old "bug" may come to Salt Lake and blackguard the "Mormon" people. These long-haired cranks have belched forth their vileness on our street corners, and in their ravings they have referred to an edifice which is sacred to many as "that rotten temple on the hill," and should a citizen resent the insult or the scandal with a word, he is called a "Jack-Mormon," and "the church tried to suppress free speech," "a fanatic tried to break up the meeting," etc.

These are the troubles which hurt Utah and some of the things that "ail this town."

The "Mormons" have borne all of this and for years have never said a word in resentment of such vileness. The people of the East are not to blame for the silly things they have been made to believe about Utah. They have heard only one side of the story, and while the crowds are shouting "crucify, crucify," it is a hard task to get a

hearing as to "what ails this town." The blight will never be removed until wagging tongues cease chattering about other people's religion; not until kindness and reason take the place of anger and bigotry.

Whatever mistakes there may have been are being righted! The safety of the people sixty years ago depended upon their unity. Therefore, as they were all of one faith, they, like the old Plymouth settlers, joined the affairs of the Church and the State.

The meeting-house was the church, the schoolhouse, the entertainment hall and the hall of justice in turn, and high officials of the Church decided questions pertaining to law and equity. This was wise and good, in fact, it was then a necessity.

The change from that condition was naturally slow. The battle was fought and the war waged for many years on this question and that of polygamy, which was a vital principle of the "Mormon" Church. Since the manifesto of President Woodruff we have had only echoes of the past, which in reality are now barely discernible.

The polygamic question is righting itself in an honorable and humane way, which is the only way.

The obligations, the family ties and the complications of home affairs can only be comprehended or understood by people who think and

investigate, and there seemingly are but few of these.

No class of people could have righted the mistakes of the past in a better and quicker way than the "Mormon" people have done and are doing. The old order of things is passing away; what has gone before is past worry, let it go into the past. Thinking people know full well that the results of a marriage system lived under for sixty years cannot be obliterated, nor expected to be, in eighteen years—hence polygamy is not dead, but it is fading away, dying a natural death, but this fact gives those who do not understand the inner depths of these relationships a basis for tirades of unkind words and deeds against the "Mormon" people. In my estimation an attempt to obliterate the polygamous relationship at one stroke would be unreasonable, unmerciful, and un-American.

A man cannot nor should not desert a good wife and their children.

President Joseph F. Smith has been raked over the coals for telling the truth, in his testimony, as to his family relationship. He couldn't do otherwise and be a man. The women he had married were his wives, the children they have borne him were of his flesh and blood.

He did and said before the committee what every true man would have said and done under similar circumstances. Of course it was a great

disappointment to the "detectives," for hundreds of pages of typewritten manuscript, giving dates, hours, minutes, etc., were valueless after he had told the truth. To some extent "Othello had lost his occupation."

MRS. LOGAN

Mrs. John A. Logan, I see, now toddles into line and adds her little kick to the rest of the kicks against "Smoot and the Mormons." The good lady accuses Senator Smoot of subtlety and training in the art of evasion. How these good women do like to talk about polygamy, and how disappointed they are when the story comes out without a sensational climax!

The dear lady rejoices because somebody revealed the secrets of the endowment house, and produced, as she says, the garments which are a part of the "iniquitous ceremonies." I wonder whether she would use such language as that about a Catholic wearing his beads or his crucifix. Mrs. Logan must learn that a person's religion and the ceremonies of that religion are private property and sacred to the holder or wearer; she should learn not to laugh or scoff until she is ready to be laughed and scoffed at herself, even then it were kindlier and more Christianlike to refrain.

This good woman gives the lash to Joseph F. Smith for being truthful and the whip to Reed

Smoot for being evasive (as she says), or for not telling the truth. It is a case of "be damned if you do and be damned if you don't;" another case of "not understood."

I think we should all be careful of our derision of another's ideas on religion, because the best, through all the ages, have been laughed at and crucified. The world has a peculiar fashion of lashing and abusing a man while in life, then building a monument to him after death.

Mrs. Logan's tirade is ungenerous and untrue. The Master's prayer would be an appropriate answer to her unkindness—"Father forgive them, they know not what they do." The cry of "tithing" is another awful thing laid at the door of the "Mormon" church; I cannot see how any institution can run or exist without funds. The plan of every church for the collection of money is the private business of that church. The funds of the "Mormon" church belong to the "Mormons," and it's the sole business of the "Mormons" as to how they pay and as to what they do with these common funds, and no one else's. With all churches or societies there is but little difference in the form or plan of collection. When a wanderer goes into a church (non-"Mormon") anywhere, a basket is placed under his nose for a "tip." This is the plan of the church. It is its business. If you don't like it, be stingy and mean, don't "tip." Personally, I like the "Mormon" plan best, but I am not "kicking" at any of

our ministers for passing the plate. Ministers and artists should all be well paid, better than they are. The "Mormons" say, "Come and hear our sermons, listen to our music, and to our great organ and we will pay the bills." One is always made welcome. This, because salvation is free for you and me from the "Mormons." There ought not to be any "kick" coming from anybody. Then just think of those recitals at the Tabernacle, no plate is ever passed there.

I am a member of several societies, and if I become indebted to the amount of only a few dollars the doorkeeper won't let me in—I can't even go to a meeting. My lodge franchise is not in running order. Former work or sacrifices for the institution cuts no figure. It's "pay up or keep out."

I have walked the streets a stranger in a strange city. I have looked up to a beautifully lighted hall, where laughter, song, and ceremony were going on, but I was like John Howard Payne, I could look through the window and hear the inmates sing "Home, Sweet Home," but I was not allowed to go in, because I hadn't paid my tithing "dues," in fact didn't have anything to pay with, therefore I was banished. Each man must be subject to the laws, rules and regulations of the church or society; if he cannot be, then he should pay up and quit, or be marked "S. N. P. D."

"Why fret that human minds should be so narrow,
Prepare the yielding soil with wisdom's harrow,
Then sow good seed from knowledge we can borrow
And see a better state of things tomorrow."

TIPS AND TITHING.

Why should press, pulpit and people make such a fuss about the "Mormons," and shout, "Why, don't you know, in Utah they make the Mormons pay tithing? Isn't that awful!"

The "Mormon" church, in my estimation, is a very good institution, kind and charitable to its members; like any other, I suppose, it makes mistakes. Who doesn't? And then who should be the judge? Its creed is as good as any other, if not an improvement on many.

Its leaders are kindly and earnest men, and have been selected by three hundred and fifty thousand people to fill the positions they occupy. Friends, stop your "kicking," be thinkers; accord to every man the same right you claim for yourself. Your neighbor has as much right to be a "Mormon" as you have not to be one.

LINCOLN AND THE JACKASS

The fuss being made by the "kickers" of Utah reminds me of a Lincoln story. When Mr. Lincoln was running for Congress on the Whig ticket in 1854, in the old Sangamon, Illinois district, there were a few "kickers" in his party.

In the course of a speech he illustrated the state

of his mind on this subject by telling the story of a jackass he owned, when a young man. He said:

"The case of that jackass was most singular. When everything was pleasant all around he would kick the worst. When his rack was fullest and his stall fixed with new straw and everything real comfortable, that jackass would start in on the almightiest spell of kicking that was ever seen. All the veterinary surgeons in the neighbohood came around and tried to find out just what made the critter kick so. They never could agree about it. One thing we all noticed was that he always brayed and kicked at the same time.

"Sometimes he would bray first and then kick, but other times he would kick first and then bray, so that confused us, and nobody in that whole country was ever able to find out whether that jackass was braying at his own kick or kicking at his own brays."

What ails this town? The fight has been on the "Mormons" now for about seventy-five years; still they live.

Now, "kickers," come off; get a new deal; let the "Mormons" alone, for awhile at least. Tackle somebody else, if you must be a "kicker," but for heaven's sake have a change and realize if you can what has "ailed this town." If a man is disfellowshipped from the church, or if a supplication in earnest prayer is given, for God to bless the

President or statesmen of our nation or state it is heralded as an outrage. Another crime is laid at the door of the "Mormon" church. All the high-sounding phrases of political interference, etc., are scattered broadcast—"Suppression of free speech, free press," etc., although the matter is a private one and ought to be kept as such.

Because the people of the East are misinformed as to the "Mormon" question and as to the life of the people of Utah, because of the continuous growling and "kicking" of non-thinkers and disgruntled politicians, because of the public clamor now going on against the Church and Senator Smoot, and because many of the people of Salt Lake are "knockers" to their own city, rather than "boosters," is "What Ails this Town."

"O God, that men would see a little clearer
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;
Oh God, that men might draw a little nearer
To one another they'd be nearer Thee—
And understood."

OH, MY FATHER

(The Latter-day Saints' favorite hymn, by Eliza R. Snow, a "Mormon" poetess.)

Oh, my Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain Thy presence
And again behold Thy face?

In Thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near Thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth,
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth.
Yet oft-times a secret something
Whispered, "You're a stranger here,"
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call Thee Father
Through Thy spirit from on high;
But, until the key of knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the Heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, mother, may I meet you
In your royal courts on high?
Then at length when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation,
Let me come and dwell with you.

A Picture Beautiful.

Long shall I remember an evening spent in a Utah Valley not long since. It was an evening of exceptional beauty. The gold of the sun that had all day bathed the yellow fields of grain in yellower light, and glancing through the smiling orchards had revealed the crimson of apple, the purple of plum and the yellow of pear, trying in vain to hide beneath the leaves of their low-hanging, overburdened respective trees, had touched here and there the vine-embowered homes of the farmers, now gradually changed to crimson, and flaunting its brilliant signal of rest and night in the west, had changed the blue of the mountains to delicate pink. The twilight threw its shadows along the foot of the grand old Wasatch. The tall trees swayed gently to and fro in the quiet breeze. The scent of the new-mown hay diffused its sweet fragrance through the atmosphere; here and there rippled tiny streams.

Quiet herds grazed peacefully in the meadow, or were being driven, lowing, homeward toward the picturesque farm-houses of the comfortable and contented "tillers of the soil." The sky pictures of ever-changing, vari-colored clouds set-

ting off the sombre hills, made it a scene beyond all description. The glow faded in the west and a milder radiance glowed in the east, as the pale moon now slowly rose. Moonlight and twilight met and mixed, and ere long night, with her attendant stars, was queen of the valley. I could imagine the husbandman and his loved ones lulled to sleep by nature's own sweet song—the lullaby of sighing winds, rustling trees, waving grain and babbling brooks. We will leave them freed from strife and the turmoil of city life to their well-earned rest after a day's toil.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Friends, come to Utah and enjoy a glorious climate, which is unsurpassed under Heaven; where the air is so pure and clear that a mountain forty miles away looks only ten, and an old maid of forty summers looks only eighteen. I cannot give you even a shadow of the reality in a description. You should go to Utah and see the country and meet the people and judge for yourselves. There are charms and attractions enough to justify you in taking the trip. It is not an expensive one. You will see and learn something of what the United States contains in natural beauty and wonderful wealth resources.

Old Folks' Day.

I want to tell you of the health-giving properties of Utah's climate and atmosphere, and of the longevity of its residents. In four of Utah's counties there are thirteen hundred people over seventy years of age, and one-third of these are over eighty. In Salt Lake City alone there are eight hundred persons over seventy, three thereof who are ninety-seven, one who is one hundred, and six averaging from ninety to ninety-three years of age. Utah pays great respect to its aged, and a very beautiful custom has been handed down and preserved from the early days, and that is the yearly habit of having a free excursion for the "old folks" of Utah, over seventy. All railroads, street cars and places of amusement are open to them free of charge. One picnic day is exclusively set apart for them. An extract from the invitation to the old folks reads as follows:

"All strangers or visitors to this city (meaning Salt Lake City), aged seventy or upwards, are invited to participate on this grand occasion. No lines are drawn, no distinctions as to race, faith or color made. All are welcome."

Aside from this custom being a beautiful sentiment, it is a living object lesson to the young, of that biblical commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and no more touching picture was ever ready for the artist's deft pencil than that of a venerable old man, or sweet-faced old lady, leaning upon the arm of a sturdy youth, his stalwart frame, his steady arm, brown locks, and undimmed eye making a splendid foil for the bent form, tottering steps and silver locks of his aged burden.

On "Old Folks' Day," as it is called, a lady of one hundred summers is the belle of the ball, and has the seat of honor at the banquet.

OUR OWN HOME PEOPLE

By Rev. Levi Gilbert, D. D.

How beautiful is old age in the life of the home! What would our homes be without the little children on the one hand and the white-haired grandfather and grandmother on the other? Despite the personal quaintness and the old-fashioned ways, over which we may smile in good humor, no loss would be greater than the absence of those who, like the last leaf upon the tree, are clinging to old, forsaken boughs, and who are only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown.

How beautiful is it to see the husband and wife growing old together, assimilating each

other's virtues, becoming more and more alike in every characteristic, and pathetically holding to each other! Earth has few more lovely and touching sights than that which Burns celebrates:

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Jo.

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

Lake and Climate.

Fairer than any other State in America, or any land under Heaven, is Utah. Her scenery is more majestic than that of Switzerland. From extreme north to extreme south extends a chain of valleys gemmed with lakes, wherein every pastoral picture ever seen or sung is reproduced. Glistening on her bosom is the fairest jewel, that marvel of the world, the Dead Sea of America—Great Salt Lake. This inland sea gives to the Utahns all the bracing saline atmosphere of ocean regions, combined with the clear high altitude and pure, pine-scented breezes of a mountainous country. I could not so well describe the beauties of this inland sea, as the pen of an unknown writer thus describes:

"For those in search of health and novelty no more attractive feature can be found here or elsewhere than the new world's greatest marvel, the Great Salt Lake. The beneficial and pleasurable effects of a bath in this inland sea are so unique that none with the necessary leisure can afford to debar themselves from its enjoyment. It is an experience that will enrich the inner life of all who undergo it, an experience that will live longer in the memory than any wandering in

foreign lands, to float on the buoyant waters of this miniature ocean, like the flotsam and jetsam of the greater seas, with a sense of perfect security and strange exhiliration.

"But this pleasure is not the only object of a journey to the shores of the Great Salt Lake; the marvelous beauty of its environments, the exquisite coloring of the far-off mountains that fringe its western brink and rise mellowed by distance, into softest tints, from its cool, irridescent depths. The massive grandeur of the nearer snow-capped range that stretches from the northern or the southern horizon, and shelters the fragrant valleys from the blasts of winter and heats of summer; the green, inviting canyons that seam its side and lead through the mighty hills to a fairyland of eternal verdure, rushing streams, water-falls and shady coolness. These and other innumerable charms offer themselves alike to resident and stranger, sinner, saint and pilgrim."

The Grasshoppers:

A Reminiscence.

About the year 1850, the spring opened fair and beautiful, and everybody predicted a plentiful harvest. In the month of April the gardens were flourishing and the fields had put on their brightest green and everybody was rejoicing. In the latter part of May came vast clouds of grasshoppers. They came over the hills from the north in a solid black mass, darkening the earth in their passage. They left nothing in their wake; not a blade of grass nor a leaf remained. The country they traversed looked as though it had been swept by a scorching fire. One could not step without crushing as many grasshoppers as the foot would cover. People dug canals and filled them with water to prevent the onward march of the grasshoppers, but in spite of this these pests would cross the streams. It was an imposibility to combat them. From a manuscript of that time I will quote:

"The grasshoppers apparently do not know where to light. The other day part of their number dropped into the lake and were blown ashore by the wind in rows of sometimes two feet deep for a distance of two miles."

The settlers were in despair when from over the Great Salt Lake came myriads of snow-white birds, in such appalling numbers that the already desperate people believed God had visited another plague upon them. Upon closer acquaintance, however, these feathered creatures proved to be messengers of hope, the sea gulls, coming from no one knew where. These birds pounced upon the devastating grasshoppers, seizing and swallowing them, then flying back to the shores of the lake to disgorge. It was something like the old story of the "Boys and the Frogs," fun for the "Mormons" and the sea gulls, but hell for the grasshoppers. There is in Utah a law which imposes a fine of twenty-five dollars for killing a sea gull. This makes them very tame. It is a very pretty sight to see them come in small flocks and wait for the refuse from the tables at the lake resorts, and it is no uncommon sight to see them follow the plow, riding on the horses' backs and even on men's shoulders, and ridding the newly-turned earth of insects which may infest it. Every Utahn who loves his state will doff his hat to a sea gull.

The State Emblem.

The Sego Lily.

This beautiful flower has three petals, pure white, streaked with dark brown at the center. It grows in rocky places 'mid the sagebrush, where other flowers are afraid to lift their heads. It beautifies and cheers the barren spots, even as its roots succored and sustained the pioneers in their barren and darkened hour.

The early settlers were reduced to great straits before their farms gave them back harvests for their unremitting toil. They were forced to subsist upon the root of the sego lily, the food properties of which were learned from the Indians.

Sunny Side of Life.

To the Editor:

I have read with much interest your optimistic article in your issue of the 24th instant, under the caption, "Truth and Falsehood." Important truths are conveyed in the sentences you so beautifully build. Falsehoods are—"passing clouds." "They pour out their contents and are no more." They obscure the sun for a moment," only. They "are but a temporary effect." But, in reading this truth, it struck me that there is another equally important truth which should be kept in mind just now; and that is that it is our duty to fight falsehood and defend truth with all the means at our command, for only so can truth be vindicated. The friends of truth should be as active, and as sacrificing as are those who "love and make a lie."

I appreciate your optimistic view. I prefer, myself, to believe in and to live on the sunny side of life, but to understand and comprehend the strength of a lie is a necessary adjunct in one's education. Through not realizing the power of a lie, the people of Utah have allowed the blackest kind of a lie cloud to be gathered, which

now hangs over them like a pall. To know the power of an enemy is half the battle fought. We are often led into error by not realizing the dangers about us. Many rely on truth as a principle, because it is truth, believing it will fight its own battles without human aid. This is a great mistake.

There are many souls who live in peace and rejoice in their self-content. They forget the world with its sorrows and its struggles, and put forth no effort toward peace and harmony for their fellowmen.

We must guard against the blindness as illustrated by the story of a wealthy woman who, on a cold day had been driven home in a fine carriage, wrapped in richest furs and costly robes. The cold was so intense that with all her comforts she realized that the day was cold, dark and dreary. As the lady entered her mansion she called to the coachman to come in after luncheon, saying that they would make a list of names of the poor of the village and send some coal and provisions to all those in need during such stormy weather.

The lady dined by a glowing fire in a bright and cheery room, surrounded by every physical comfort. No wonder she forgot all those outside, eh?

After awhile the coachman came for the names to whom coal and food should be sent. The lady, with a languid air, answered, "You needn't trou-

ble, John; it is much warmer now." So it is with people who live for self. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and also of truth. A lie is seemingly as potent as the truth, especially in individual life. You speak of the lamented Wm. McKinley and ask: "Who remembers the vaporings of the traducers of that great American?" My dear, sir, those traducers are at work on somebody else now. They are not dead—Wm. McKinley is dead. He lost his precious life in the prime of manhood, and for years his poor wrecked widow sat moaning and dying by a broken, lonely fireside, until the light failed. Those who traduced Mr. McKinley are apparently happy. Several men got rich in this world's goods by painting McKinley's friend, Mark Hanna, as a devilish monstrosity. These artists are still rich, feted and honored wherever they go. Apparently the lie is the thing for worldly success. The Quakers were swept off the earth by liars. The Quakers were gentle, kind, and honest. Through a lie, the Jews have been driven and scattered to the four corners of the earth, because they were accused of the crucifixion of Christ and because Shakespeare wrote a dramatic character and placed it on a Jew and called it Shylock. And thus falsehood apparently triumphs.

I salute France for righting the awful wrong done by a lie, to Dreyfus. But if not for that faithful wife of his and his two friends, Maj.

Piquart and Emile Zola, Dreyfus would today be on devil's island or in his grave.

Grover Cleveland had one of the worst doses of lies that has ever been handed to a man, but he lived through it. I'm glad of it. And he died respected, by the thinkers of America.

It is understood in the eastern states that the word "Mormon" stands for everything that is vile and bestial. This lie has been told and told until it is a power in the land, this slander is now seventy-five years old—it is not a passing cloud either. The wrong already done to Utah and her people cannot be repaired in a short time.

The sad part of it is: The Utah people don't realize their position nor do they battle against the wrong and for the right.

Many people seem to think that right will come to the top for principle's sake, unaided, but it won't. A lie may lose out in the hereafter, but it seldom does in the now.

Error dresses in fascinating garb, and is always a welcome guest.

There is a strong suggestion of an affinity between error and the human mind, and when it once attaches itself to its object, it fights hard for the exclusion of anything else.

The work of righting a wrong after so many years of journeying is no small task.

My ideals are those, and I hold them up to my sons, who were crucified, hung, pulled to pieces on the rack and burned at the stake for mental

liberty and truth's sake. I am a friend to the man who is blackguarded and abused.

He is my choice, alive or dead, and he will always have my vote or my veneration. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the abused is right. Let me ask which is nearer the Master, the abused or the abuser—"Dr. Jekyl or Mr. Hyde?" A lie is the deadliest foe to happiness, to knowledge and to truth.

All wickedness springs from ignorance. This it is that makes men sin. Wisdom doesn't allow it.

The whole world is seeking happiness and few there be that find it, because they dont' know how.

True happiness comes from within, not from without. It comes by soul-growth—development of heart and brain.

Schools should be established to teach the principles of honesty, of brotherhood, of the Golden Rule. Over the archway shall be inscribed "How to live and act on earth."

TRIFLES

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all can please;
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offense.

—*Hannah More.*

Out in the Desert.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is the sweetest flower that grows in the garden of life; its soil is the human heart; it is planted by honest thought, nurtured by the tears of sympathy, kept alive by the breath of good wishes.

Dear Reader:

Wishing to give you as near as possible a detailed account of crossing the plains fifty years ago, my old friend Walter L. Price, who made the journey as described, related to me his experiences of old time "Mormon" travel to Utah. I have embodied his story in the following letter, which I believe you will find deeply interesting:

Dear Friend Meakin:

Come and travel an imaginary journey with me to Utah, not in a Pullman coach, with stateroom and diner combined and with black servants to bow and wait on every wish, not a bit of it; I mean an old time pioneer trip across the plains and over mountains, with oxen as the motive

power, dragging prairie schooners behind them. Just as we did fifty years ago, when I crossed the plains.

I was only a boy, but I made the trip and walked nearly all the way, and had a good time. I remember every phase of our pioneer life. The requisites for the journey are good nature, a spirit of helpfulness, with an abundance of faith and hope springing eternally in the human breast. Should any one make a similar journey and not have these natural gifts, I say, "God pity them!"

Somebody has said:

"This world is not so bad a world
As some would try to make it;
But whether good or whether bad
Depends on how we take it."

This couplet is mighty applicable to the necessary status of the human mind, when on a journey like the one we are about to make.

We left the Missouri River on the 4th of May. It was a beautiful day, and everybody was joyous and hopeful.

In our company there were about four hundred souls. These were divided into parties, say of fifty, with a sub-captain in charge of each, and a captain general over all.

To each wagon were assigned from ten to twelve people, which meant walk, walk, walk for

the strong and very often for the weak. To each tent were from fifteen to eighteen, size of tent 10x12. Now just imagine the conveniences in calm and stormy weather, for a crowd of people to live together under such conditions during a four-months' tour on the plains. If anyone wants to learn the disposition, the goodness and the meanness of people, just travel with them and you will get educated good and plenty. Imagine the cranks, the grumblings, the hardships, the sickness, the despair and the heart longings for the old home, old scenes, old songs and old associates. Every day we pushed out a little further into the desert, realizing that every hour left a longer space between us and civilization.

At times we would sense our loneliness and feel that we were leaving all hope behind us. Only faith in God and our religion kept our spirits brave and our hearts in tune with love of life.

We traveled from fifteen to thirty-five miles each day, the distance being governed by finding of springs or rivers, for without water all would perish. Our train stretched for about a half mile in length, and made a weird and grand picture, as it slowly wended its way along the sandy plains and rocky steeps.

Our faces were turned toward the west, and we appreciated the sunshine and the beautiful golden sunsets, but at times the sun was so glaring and hot that it burned our faces, blinded our eyes, and tanned our skin.

Shakespeare said:

"There are tongues in trees,
Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones,
And good in everything."

I have learned that extremes are bad in everything; hence I aim "to keep in the middle of the road."

A dozen sturdy men, brave and fearless, piloted the train, with every faculty, both physical and mental, alert to guard the wandering pilgrims from harm by wild beasts and still more dangerous, cunning, painted savages.

Far away into the land of nowhere, stretched the alkali plains, bleak and bare, grassless, treeless, and flowerless. The crunching of the wheels and the whizzing of the blacksnake whip added to the solitude and awful desolation of the scene.

All day, at times, the wind would be at our backs and the rocking old oxen would be urged on through one continuous cloud of dust, we weary, footsore and ill, and such a sight. When toward the dusk of evening, the captain would call a halt for the night, a shout of joy would go up to heaven for the safety of the day and for sweet rest of the night.

These pilgrims looked more like modern, weather-beaten tramps than a band of Saints. To wash our faces was a delight, and to bathe our bodies was a luxury, and luxuries were few.

Week after week we kept going on this lonely, silent march. In sunshine or in rain we tramped, tramped, tramped, forded rivers, climbed the mountains, winding down the canyons over hills and dales and again into the broad expanse of alkali plains. This monotony was at times broken by beautiful scenery, cozy nooks and babbling brooks. Nature would smile and speak a varied language, cheering us on and on, and we would sing and shout hosannah, "Let Zion in her beauty rise."

I do not wish to convey the thought that we had no pleasure on our way. I tell you, we had stacks of fun. I shall ever treasure the memory of my boyhood on the plains, as a precious gem in the golden casket of the mind, for joys and sorrows were blended beautifully.

At eve, when the circle camp had been formed we boys had to hustle for buffalo chips for the camp fires.

System in every detail brought us a fair degree of harmony and *all success*. Certain ones were designated for various kinds of work, oxen tenders, fire builders, wagon greasers, teamsters, cooks, tin-washers, bed-makers, watchmen, sentinels, elders, leaders in song, doctors, etc., etc.

After the evening meal, if not too late, or the travelers not too tired, talk about your vaudeville stunts. I tell you they are not in it when compared with a pioneer show on an alkali plain stage, the curtain being the blue sky, pinned

back by the stars. The entertainment would consist of sentiment, song, story and music, with an all-star cast.

After singing, then would come one of the daring, sensational acts, by Indians, piercing an English sixpence with an arrow shot from a bow one hundred feet away. This and similar wonderful acts by friendly savages.

Next would come the English boy with his concertina, with its cat calls and drawn-out tunes, with waving expressions of lamentations by swinging the instrument in mid air and cutting up affected didos.

Then would come the violinist, and oh my, how the fiddle with the rosin and the bow would send out sweet music from the deft touch of the artist of the plains. Sometimes it would grate upon our ears and then again it would bring tears, and the past would loom before us; then it would suggest singing birds, green lanes and rippling streams, carrying us back to the old home, probably never to be seen again. I tell you the music was fine. Of course it wouldn't do for the Tabernacle, now, but it was just as good to us then as the classic music is to the cultured ear of today. It thrilled our souls and inspired us to song and duty, not only did it affect our hearts and our heads, but our feet would beat time to the lively tunes of "ye olden times," salute your partners, swing to the right and then to the left and balance on the corner.

After the dance, then songs of praise and prayers of supplication and thankfulness would be wafted to Him, the Father of us all. A few minutes of hopeful conversation; then hand clasps would be given, the good nights said, and then to rest, our heads pillowed sometimes on our boots and sometimes on a stone. Many a time did I repeat "Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are, up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky." Many of our company died on the way. When a death occurred, the near relatives, poor souls, would weep and wail.

If death came in the morning, the body would be carried until noon, and then when the train halted for rest the remains would be laid away in a shallow grave, a brief prayer would be offered and the marching host moved on. This same rule was applied if a dear one died in the afternoon, then the folding away would take place in camp during the evening.

POSTAL CARDS

We would at intervals come to a spot a quarter of an acre in space, God's acre forsaken, covered with bones, some human, some animal, bleaching in the sun on the hot sands of the American desert. The skulls and shoulder blades of the buffalo were used for postal cards. These bones blanching on the ground, became white and soft, and messages could easily be

written upon them with pencil, or scratched with a nail. These post offices were used from 1847 to 1867.

"Out in the desert I heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die."

And not a house within a thousand miles. Rest, old pioneer.

While sorrows and hardships had been with the company all along the way, personally I had not felt the weight of the sadness. I had heard the lamentations of parents, children and friends, but I was only a boy, and in the buoyancy of youth, trouble is very much like water on a duck's back, but, whether old or young, "into each life some rain must fall."

In our wagon or group we had for our companions an English family of four in number, by the name of Burgess, father, mother and two girls, aged respectively ten and twelve. Myself and the little girls had been chums. We had walked and run together nearly all the way, holding each other's hands in childish glee and pleasure.

Here is the wording of a message we left for the boys and girls of the next train:

"Captain Haight's company passed here July 4th. We didn't have any firecrackers, but we had lots of fun anyhow. We are all well now.

(Signed) "W. P.
"E. B.
"J. B."

As I wrote the message on the shoulder blade of a dead buffalo, to the next company, these little girls stood beside me, chattering and laughing. They helped me frame the childish composition on the blanched bone, the postal card of the desert, and the three of us left our mark for the next train of pilgrims to read.

One afternoon, a few days later, the younger of the girls, Jennie, we noticed could barely keep up with us on the march. The older sister, Ester, and myself, each of us grasping a hand, urged her on with us, but that night she was taken sick with a fever and our marching together on the alkali plain was over. Dear Jennie was ill for only two days, and in childish purity she crossed the great divide, chattering with latest breath about the wonders of the plains and of the hopes of reaching the valley of the Saints. Never shall I forget the sad, solemn, silent funeral of Jennie, my sweetheart when a boy, as the sun went down on the desert plain.

Here, Ester, the older girl, and I wrote the following message.

"Here we buried the flower of our company, Jennie Burgess, age 10 years and three months."

(Signed) "E. B.
"W. P."

"The bodies and the bones of those
That strove in other days to pass,
Are withered in the thorny close
Or scattered blanching on the grass.

He gazed on the silent dead;
'They perished in their daring deeds,'
This proverb flashes through his head,
'The many fail; the one succeeds.'"

Our hearts were saddened at our loss, and the only ray of light or gleam of pleasure we had after this sorrow was the knowledge of nearing the valley of the Great Salt Lake, Zion, our destination.

As we rolled down Emigration Canyon, our hearts and souls with joy did burn with a comingling of thoughts and deep emotions, for we were about to realize our life's ambition. We had gathered to the land of Zion, arriving in Salt Lake September 20, 1862.

My home has been in Salt Lake City ever since. I am now nearing three score years, but as I travel on toward the last river, my thoughts often turn to the valleys and the rivers crossed in hopeful youth many years ago.

I expect to meet Jennie and the old pioneers in the valley on the other side of Jordan, where the plains will not be grassless, treeless and flowerless. Always your friend,

W. L. P.

P. S.—The Burgess family and the Price family became fast friends in our new home and have remained so ever since. Ten years after our arrival in the valley, Ester and I were married and we lived happy ever after. W. L. P.

THE NINETY AND NINE

Ira D. Sankey.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—*Luke* 15: 4, 5, 6.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away ,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender shepherd's care.
Away from the tender shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer:
"This of mine has wandered away from me.
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How dark were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray,
Ere the shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced tonight by many a thorn."

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

The Story of a Life.

By Rev. P. S. Thacher

Romances, sweet, tender, beautiful, are taking place all around us, and we could read them if our eyes were quick to see.

Robert W. Wolcott. a Methodist preacher, while on his way to California in 1853, to take charge of a church, was compelled to winter in Salt Lake City. Believing the Bible to be the infallible word of God, he could not resist the conclusion that Mormonism had a scriptural basis, and he became a convert to that faith. January 17, 1854, he married Miss Elizabeth A. Wright, one of the belles of Salt Lake. She was one of those rare women to know whom is to know the best that there is in all this imperfect world.

Mr. Wolcott was sent on a mission by the church the next June, and crossed the plains on a pack mule, and then the sea to England. Here he preached his newly-found faith. Five months after he left home his wife gave birth to a baby girl and he received the portrait of his child while staying at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Meakin in the town of Raunds, Northamptonshire. They had a little son John, then between three

MR. AND MRS. JOHN PHILLIPS MEAKIN
Thirty-six Years Married

and four years of age. While holding the boy on his knee, Mr. Wolcott, with delight, showed him the picture of the baby, and with a profound and wonderful prescience, remarked, "You will make a good companion for my little girl when you gather together in Zion."

The Meakins lived laborious, frugal, strenuous lives, compelled by the whole weight of nature and society to unremitting industry, to watchful inventiveness, to austere simplicity; but lives also sweetened by family affection and neighborly kindness, strong in self-respect and in the respect of the community, dignified by a sense of God and their relations to him, which enlarged the horizon of this world into the boundless infinite beyond—earth winged all around by eternity. The mother had a bright, quick temperament, was very affectionate, and had a good deal of the same concentrated nervous force which characterizes her son. As for him, he was a thoughtful child, growing up into a brave, generous boy, small in figure, but high-spirited, perfectly fearless and showing that rigid conscientiousness which was the very root of his life.

To this home the visits of the missionary were frequent and every care and comfort was bestowed upon him. A firm friendship was established, but in the course of duty he left the Meakin home and while on a missionary tour was taken ill with smallpox at Northampton and died. Painlessly and peacefully the last sleep fell upon

the wornout body, and the brave soul passed into a higher freedom. The late James Sheffield of Kaysville nursed him to the last. The body was interred in the Northampton cemetery.

After the lapse of fifteen years the Meakins sent their eldest son, John, then aged eighteen, as the pioneer of the family, to Salt Lake City, where he arrived August 21, 1869. It was the crisis of his life, and for three years he had to go through it alone. He was poor and toiled hard and long, saving every cent he could for the busy parents at home. This was motive enough for a self-denying life. He had the remembrance of a happy home where his boyhood had been passed; he had the thoughts of his dear mother and the lessons she had taught him. With no friends to help him, he fought his battles, won the esteem of those who knew him, and became notable among them for his interest in moral science and history, and for a certain rich eloquence of expression. He had an amazing memory and an insatiable appetite for the acquisition of noble poetry. Lofty ideas of perfection had come into his soul, and he tried to realize them —and could not—who can? He carried his unfulfilled life about him like an unmated bird.

But in June, 1872, he met a young lady, unconscious of who she was. Her shining, long-lashed, searching eyes haunted him. The smile on her lips, the flush on her cheeks, her supple form, had an irresistible attraction for him. The

next month the young couple met again, and three days later the real meeting took place which made him a captive for life. And the maiden knew what the youth knew, and in her heart said "Amen" to the revelation, though it took her some time to say it with her lips. Then he discovered that she was the grown-up daughter of the "Mormon" missionary who had dangled him on his knee while showing her portrait, taken when a baby. Letters which he had sent, mentioning the name of the boy, were brought out—the past became alive again. The sainted loved one, who had blessed the boy, now gave an invisible benediction, making their joy complete. On the 30th day of July, 1872, the couple became engaged, and on the 25th of the following November they were married by Brigham Young. They have lived faithfully together during thirty years. She is still all the world to him and only he who gave the heart of woman its needs and its powers, can understand how this one regards her husband. They have been happy, for love has given them a foretaste of heaven, and they have sent three little messengers before to await their coming. Their purses may not always be full, but their hearts are always full of brightness, gentleness and tenderness. Their married life has been a union of overflowing and perennial felicity. Their natures have blended as perfectly as the different chords of a musical instrument. Eight children have blessed their home, but three

remained only long enough for the parents to catch burning pictures in their hearts, then the light faded out of the little eyes. Five boys, enviable types of physical and intellectual promise, remain to gladden the home. As you approach the house, almost any night, you will hear music, and think there must be guests. But through the undrawn curtains you see one of the boys at the piano, the father, mother and boys singing—the grandmother the sole auditor. A broad human sympathy reigns in this home, quickening the best powers of the inmates and calling forth their finest efforts. A more hospitable family does not exist—nor a happier home. The parents' faces have grown older, but they are never clouded with gloom. The strength of love and the tireless energy that comes from hope of the highest things, have kept the spring flowers blooming in their hearts, filled their lives with sweetest fragrance.

About the happiest man in Salt Lake City is John P. Meakin, and he may be appropriately called "Cheerful John." His unvarying good spirits, his pluck, his mind stored with beautiful poetical gems, and his unaffected interest in humanity make him a charming companion and a delightful entertainer. He never fights for himself, nor against a private foe (if he has one), but goes into the battles of the twentieth century and follows the flag of human brotherhood. He has been a "fraternal man" under the impression that

the fraternal organizations are the rallying points of the new movements for the benefit of humanity. He has the organizing power and the quickening spirit. His influence has never been given to an unworthy cause, but he has kept his conscience pure and stainless. Clean hands has he and a noble heart. He does the things that are right and never slanders. He is inaccesible to jealousy, rancor or bitterness, but hates cant, satellites, sycophants and fawners. Moral cowardice, mean truckling to political power and the base idolatry of wealth have his contempt. Great is his charity. When he feels that he ought to rebuke a man, he does it to his face, and then behind his back says the kindest things he can consistently with truth. He never appears other than he is, never feigns feelings he does not possess. His virtues are natural fruit—do not grow from foreign blossoms. He expresses his opinions plainly and strongly, becaue he holds it the duty of every man so to do, but no word of passion ever escapes his lips, no anger overshadows his face. A bright soul keeps him beaming with good humor.

> "He has done the work of a true man,
> Crown him, honor him, love him."

The winning felicity of his manner, the varied and flexible play of his smile, the wide range of his interests and sympathies, have won him many friends all over this, and neighboring states, and

they all unite in the prayer that Mr. and Mrs. John Meakin may celebrate, not only their thirtieth wedding anniversary, November 25, 1902, but their golden wedding, November 25, 1922.—*Salt Lake Tribune*, Nov. 23, 1902.

The Old Homestead

Of tender and romantic interest to Mr. and Mrs. Meakin are the house and grounds pictured in this illustration. There it was that the latter was born, there she grew to womanhood, there she was married and there five of her children first saw the light of day. Not only this, it was her mother's home and the home of her grandparents. In 1853 Caleb and Nancy Wright settled on the corner, Sixth South and State Street, and the following year their daughter, Elizabeth Ann, became the wife of Robert W. Wolcott, the wedding occurring Jan. 17. To the pair a daughter was born, Nov. 14, 1854, and to her was given the name of Sarah Frances. At eighteen, Miss Wolcott became the wife of John P. Meakin, Nov. 25, 1872, and for many years the happy couple resided at the old homestead.

We be Sweethearts.

T. Berry Smith

"We be sweethearts, bonnie lassie,
We be sweethearts till we dee?"
Looking up, her face love-lighted,
"We be sweethearts," answered she.
They were young, the lass and laddie,
Love had bidden to his feast,
And their lives were knitted closely
When the sun was in the east.

"We be sweethearts, bonnie mither,
We be sweethearts till we dee?"
Looking up, her face love-lighted,
"We be sweethearts," answered she.
Round them many a lass and laddie,
Love kept bringing forth his boon,
And their lives were knitted closer
When the sun was in the noon.

"We be sweethearts, bonnie gammer,
We be sweethearts till we dee?"
Looking up, her face love-lighted,
We be sweethearts," answered she.
Grown and gone each lass and laddie,
Love brought forth his very best,
And their lives were knitted closest
When the sun was in the west.

If I Were a Voice.

"If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I would fly over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

"If I were a voice, a consoling voice
I'd fly on the wings of the air,
And the homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak
To save them from despair.
I'd fly o'er the crowded towns
And drop like the happy sunlight down
Into the hearts of suffering men
And teach them to look up again."

"If I were a voice, a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind;
And wherever I saw God's children torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite or scorn,
Or hatred to mankind,
I would fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash,
Then with their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them HONOR AND BROTHERHOOD."

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